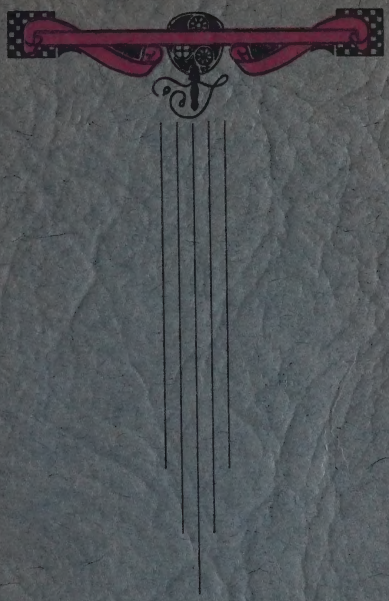
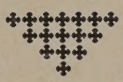
WHEN THEY WERE VERY YOUNG



JESSIE PERRY STRATFORD

WHEN THEY WERE VERY YOUNG



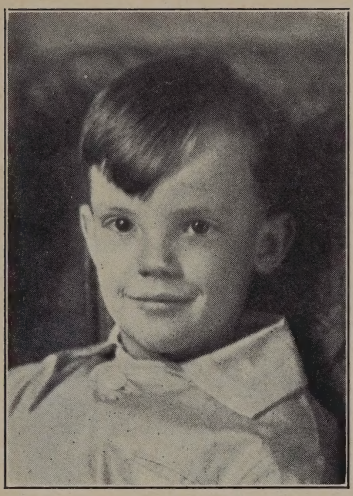
A BOOK
CONCERNING EL DORADOANS
FOR YOUNG FOLK OF
EVERY AGE

SUPPLEMENTED WITH MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES

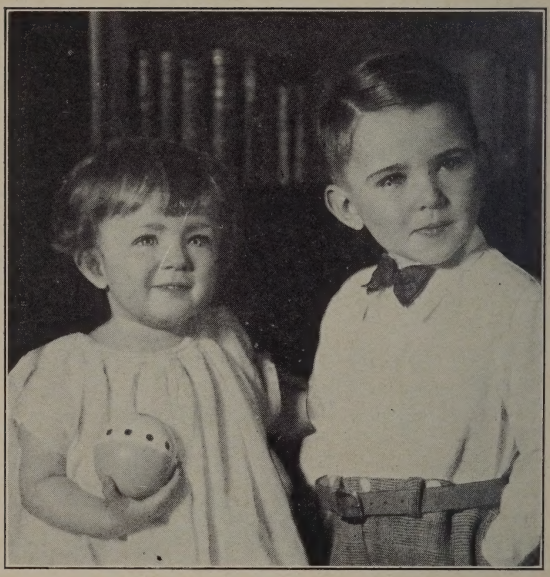
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

FROM HUMAN INTEREST COLUMN

These paragraphs and other sketches are compiled from Jessie Perry Stratford's column—Human Interest—in The El Dorado Times and are reproduced as they appeared thruout the years, with few dates given. Some persons mentioned are years older—others but one month older—than when the paragraphs were originally published. So it is an ageless book. The unstudied humor of children is universally entertaining and many of the paragraphs in "When They Were Very Young" have been copied in other publications—some having made the rounds from Clad Hamilton Thompson's columns in The Kansas City Star to the magazine, Life, and other periodicals.



To
Master Sam Holmes
Whose penchant for mischief
When he was very young
Inspired Page One



Portrait by C. Otis Boston.

CATHERINE AND DAVID CLYMER

Queer, it seems, that so tiny a boy, with such innocent azure eyes, such pink cheeks and a smile so spontaneous, could be so mischievously fleet of foot and so quick of touch—as is Little Poison Ivy. Little P. I. is purposeful and all his waking moments are eventful. Thursday, when he walked into the editorial offices, he waved a chubby hand in engaging salute to reporters, and was instantly at a screened window, perilously waving to his sister, Cathy, who gazed worshipfully up at him from a car. He had dragged an office chair to the window and had finished his greetings before reporters could admonish him about falling. In fact, by the time the reporters had reached the screen, little P. I. had dragged the chair to a chute and was risking the loss of a good right arm in manipulating the rope. This hazard too he had abandoned before his self-appointed rescuers were on the scene of action. During all these activities little P. I. was surreptitiously chewing four sticks of gum. As he left the office after his whirlwind call he stuck the four-stick wad on the seat of a chair reserved for distinguished callers—stuck it on so quickly that none noticed After luncheon, one of the city's dignified legal lights called on Ham Berger with some job work. All went well until he tried to arise from the chair. (The ensuing minutes are too harrowing to relate.) At The Times fight party in Gordy Park that night, little P. I. brought to an end one of his perfect days. With 4,000 persons straining their ears to hear the august Albert (Radio) Letts announce a report on the fight, little P. I. deftly turned a half-hidden electric button that stilled incoming radio news for a long minute.

ATONEMENT

Nonchalantly he kicks
To shreds my davenport,
Playfully he scratches
Cars I drive for sport;

Pinches hard the little
Girls who come to call—
Shatters crystal vases
With his old rubber ball.

Seems he pounds the harder,
When I ask him to be still,
As he hammers rusty nails
In my gleaming window sill;

How I do adore his spirit,
I'd not have him otherwise;
Tiny boys were not intended
To be quiet and precise.

Let him ruin the old adobe,
Crush his cooky on the rug;
He atones with sticky kisses
And one ardent, loving hug.

William Thatcher (Billy) Frazier, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Frazier jr., almost brought a part of California's scenery home with him, when he returned from that state, at the age of three years. The grips and trunks were packed, all but locking. It was nearing train time, when his mother discovered that the contents of one trunk were being dragged out and deposited upon the floor by her energetic son. When asked why he was unpacking, Billy explained, "I'm getting these things out to put the ocean in, and when we get to El Dorado with the ocean, I'm going to put it in our lily pond."

———— × ————

Tragedy, not unmixed with comedy, marked the frantic efforts of Bill Feder to extract a rattle from his car engine. While the Missus drove the car, Bill stood on a fender with his ear to the engine's exposed inwards, trying to locate the rattle. His foot slipped, he lost his balance and fell on the pavement while the driver, unable to see his plight, drove on. Solicitous neighbors had returned Bill to the cushions when the comedy came in. Mary Pauline began to weep because she thought her dad had been trying to get the rattle out of the engine for her to play with and hadn't succeeded.

———— × ————

Johnnie, 3-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Oliver, has a plain gold band ring and his wother wears a ring with a large ruby set. Johnnie asked for his mother's ring. "You have a ring, all your own," Mrs. Oliver reminded him. "But mother, I don't want mine," protested Johnnie, "I want a ring with a tail light on it."

HARRY BARR JUNIOR

She sat in a stiff-backed chair, this blue-eyed El Dorado woman, and the artificial lights of a perpetually dark place softened her prettiness and made her appear more girlish than she really was. Only to a close observer was it apparent that she was having difficulty in keeping back the tears, at a crucial time. A few feet from her chair, swung high, sat her two-year-old son, and the only thing in the world that made him appear so brave was the forced, encouraging smile that his mother gave him, from time to time, and to which he always responded. Twenty minutes passed and, at last, the white-clad man who towered over the little fellow lifted him from the chair and handed the mother a small card marked "50 cents." Abstractedly she accepted it and turned to accompany her son. Then she stopped and said, hesitantly, "I wonder if I might have some of those?" "Certainly," returned the man, and stooping he gathered from the floor a sheaf of silken brown curls. The mother carefully wrapped them and, taking the hand of the strange looking little ex-baby at her side, went out into the sunshine. Behind, the white clad barber called "next" and whistled cheerfully as he trampled about upon a maze of scattered ringlets. He had merely bobbed another youngster's hair, while the mother had lost a precious baby, for the baby had made his initial entrance into a man's estate.

———— × ————

Ruth Lucille Gill, 4, picked a piece of lint from a rug. "Mother," she announced, "here's a thousand-legged hair."

A SMALL TOWN LAD

Boysie MacKinnon, of Chicago, who rebels at city life, who detests with all his heart traveling about to winter and summer resorts and to Washington, D. C. and New York City to which place his parents and sister and brother are constantly and gayly flitting, is a small town lad and knows it. He revels in attending school in El Dorado, adores living at the Leland home. He likes to dig fish worms and play marbles and have the gang tagging home with him and waiting for him while he hastily swallows his dessert. He is fond of sports and of course has a dog. He read that local dogs pay with their lives for appearing tagless, and the knowledge terrified him. His dog, Friskie, was tagged, but the tag was old and frayed. When Boysie's worries were discerned by the Lelands, they were immediately dispelled with an extra gift of two bright silver dollars, for a new tag. En route home with Friskie, newly tagged, Boysie had a bright idea. He stopped at a market and bargained for a nickel's worth of bones. Luckily, the market man used to be a boy and have a dog and told Boysie he could filll the largest box he would bring with bones and scraps. But after the box was filled, Boysie could not carry it and lead Friskie too. Happy thought, then. He tied the end of the rope to his belt. And Boysie, arriving home, hungry, sparking with the triumphs of the morning, arms laden with meaty bones, his dog's rope tied to his belt, a few pals close beside—just like that, Boysie was a picture of smalltown boyhood at a high moment.

A visitor wearing a ring set with an immense red stone called at the J. L. Duke home. Three-year-old Jimmie, inspecting the ring from a polite distance finally asked: "What is that—a stop signal?"

———— × ————

A youngster who had no papers was lustily shouting "Extry!" on the street when a larger boy accosted him. "What's the matter wid yuh—yellin' 'Extry!' when yuh got no papers," demanded the big boy. "Gid out!" retorted the little fellow indignantly, "Can't a feller practice?"

———— × ————

Out of a clear sky, in a family circle that knows and observes the rules of grammar, 4-year-old Kay Herbert began to say "them" for those. Futilely, the parents remonstrated and then his grandmother, Mrs. Carl Foulks, took him more or less firmly in hand. "Kay," she reproved, "you should not have said 'them' horses. Say 'those' horses. "Grandmother," confided little Kay, "I'm getting awfully tired of them 'thoses'."

———— × ————

Four-year-old Johnnie, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Curran, believes his mother can do most anything. When she remarked that she intended to get the car out of the garage and drive down town, Johnnie said: "Mother, why don't you ever ride my tricycle—if you got tired peddling, you could just spread your wings and fly?"

———— × ————

The Prince of Wales would shine as a society editor. He visited a maternity hospital in London and said something different and complimentary about their babies to forty-eight mothers.

Conjectures as to whether the groundhog would see his shadow were rife in the Kilgore household, but the grownups in the family did not think that Sara Jane, 4-year-old daughter of Mrs. Mary Kilgore Mann, paid the slightest attention to the conversation. Monday morning Sara Jane awoke earlier than usual and her first question was, "Mother, what about the groundhog?" "The sun is shining—he probably won't show himself," said Mrs. Mann. "Good!" exclaimed Sara Jane "then I can go to kindergarten. I should hate to meet that groundhog."

———— × ————

In September Postmaster Wilbur Morris opened a missive addressed to Santa Claus, and read this unsigned note: "Coowboy sute, Skuter, wageon and beads." Thus a little child takes the lead in doing the Christmas shopping early.

———— × ————

Sherman McIntosh tells this incident which pleases his keen sense of humor: Mrs. J. W. Kirkpatrick and her 3-year-old nephew, Bobby Thayer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Thayer of Wichita, called at their home one evening. When they started home, Bobby hung back, saying he wanted to see the chickens. "Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh have no chickens," said his aunt, "and we must go on home." She started toward the door but charming little Bobby did not follow. "I'll just stay 'til I see the chickens," he insisted, " 'cause Uncle Kirk said they had some." Then it was that his auntie remembered something and had to do a bit of somewhat embarrassing explaining. At the dinner table "Kirk" had said: "You'd better go early to see Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh because they go to bed with the chickens."

ANNA ANDERSON TELLS THIS:

"What do you want, little girl?" a market clerk asked an 8-year-old. "I want a wrist-watch and a Japanese parasol and a new bicycle," she said readily, "but mother wants a dime's worth of liver."

———— × ————

The breakfast debate had not been satisfactorily settled. Mother had said she intended driving to the schoolhouse at noon to meet the Baby of the Family, who was to experience her first day of school. Dad and Big Brother scoffed. Dad said: "The idea! Do you intend coddling her all her life—isn't she to even cross the street alone until she's grown?" When the men left home, they didn't know whether or not they had convinced mother that her idea was ridiculous. But at 11:30 when mother stopped her car in front of the schoolhouse she was mildly amused to see dad's roadster parked in a prominent place, while dad himself lingered on the steps awaiting the Baby of the Family. Mother sped homeward to spare his feelings, and, as she turned a corner, almost ran over Big Brother, who was hurrying from his office fifteen minutes earlier than usual to escort Little Sister home.

———— × ————

Sonny Wilson was feeling specially frisky in Sunday School on his sixth birthday anniversary. "What's got four wheels and flies?" he asked his teacher, Mrs. Forrest Lewis. "Give it up," said Mrs. Lewis, after one or two guesses. "A garbage wagon!" said Sonny triumphantly, and it was some minutes before the class could give its undivided attention to the lesson.

An El Dorado mother permitted 5-year-old Edythe to wear her new finery the Sunday before Easter. When she returned home from Sunday School the mother asked, "How do you like your new clothes?" Said Edythe: "Everybody said 'Oh what a cute kid'." "Everybody?" queried the puzzled mother. "We-ell," said Edythe, "everybody didn't say 'Oh what a cute kid,' but that was what everybody was thinking as I walked up the aisle."

———— × ————

Two-year-old Barbara Brown, in making extensive preparations to accompany her parents on a summer trip, discovered her toothbrush was frayed. 'I'll get you a new one to take along," her mother offered. "Oh mother," suggested Barbara, "don't bother to take tooth brushes along, when the hotels will probably furnish them, you know."

———— × ————

Dr. A. D. Gray (now of Topeka) told this at El Dorado Chamber of Commerce luncheon: "My little son David called me on the telephone. "Who is this?" he asked when I said hello. In fun, I said: 'This is the smartest man in town.' Quickly he hung up the receiver, but not before I heard him say, 'Mother, I have the wrong number'."

———— × ————

Some guests are at a loss for something original and appreciative to say when they leave a party, but 4-year-old Dale Downing is not. As he bade goodbye to his 8-year-old hostess, Jeannette Penwell, after her birthday party, he said: "Jeannette, if you ever have any more of that brick ice cream, call me up."

The imported interior decorator had completed hanging the draperies and to the last valance, the owner of the house was pleased with the artistic effect. The whole day had been given to cutting, sewing and hanging the curtains and little attention had been paid to 4-year-old Billy. Now, as his mother turned for a sweeping survey of the rooms, she saw Billy emerging from the library, in one hand a pair of scissors and in the other large slices of five of the precious draperies. "Look, mother, I've been helping you an hour!" he exclaimed, his glowing cheeks showing earnest delight. "Oh, he should be spanked—hard," urged a neighbor, in to admire the new scenery. Then it was the mother showed that she was above a petty spirit of revenge—showed the metal of a real mother, for she only said: "Billy, your work is wonderful and Mr. Decorator will have to stay over until tomorrow to finish it." And when Billy was finally alone with his mother, he learned in a plain, affectionate heart-to-heart talk, just what little boys are supposed not to do with scissors.

———— × ————

When guests at 3-year-old Lola May Purcell's birthday party presented her with gifts, the little girl looked puzzled, but was equal to the occasion. "Merry Christmas," she said.

———— × ————

Four-year-old Ormand Gorzkiewicz had never seen a watermelon. His father, Louis Gorzkiewicz, took a big melon home and placed it on ice. A few minutes later Ormand went to his mother and said: "Please may I have a piece of that big pickle in the refrigerator."

The moment in which Bill Feder was being voted upon as the "ugliest" man at the Jefferson P. T. A. was tense in the family circle. Up in front little Dorothy Jean was dancing on her toes, saying "Oh, I hope daddy wins! I hope he wins!" and in the rear of the crowd Mary Pauline was saying to her mother, "I hope daddy doesn't win that!"

———— × ————

Four-year-old Ruth Lucile Gill studies her lessons every evening when her big sister, Helen Louise, is studying. The only difference is that Ruth Lucile's lessons are imaginary. She evolves her own problems and the latest, which she has not yet solved, is "How much does an old man get out of $60?"

———— × ————

Little Phyllis Robison, was picnicking with her parents and grandparents and, intent upon gathering the finest wild flowers on the prairies, lead her grandfather Senator Curtis L. Harris, far from the family group. Finally, as Phyllis indicated a far-distant cluster of bright flowers, and expressed a wish to pick them, Mr. Harris demurred at walking so far. Phyllis was insistent and when they arrived at the coveted blossoms she looked at her grandfather triumphantly and said, "Didn't I told you?"

———— × ————

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Crook, who recently moved from Minneapolis, to Hutchinson, motored to El Dorado to visit Mr. and Mrs. Louis Kiser. Their little daughter, Virgil, eager for a glimpse of her father's much talked of boyhood home, scented the oil as they entered the oil field area and said: "Well, daddy, your old home town doesn't smell like roses."

Betty Joe Childs remembers everything and consequently her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mac Childs, have difficulty living up to their promises. On Friday, Mr. Childs promised her a red balloon, to be delivered Sunday. Mr. Childs worked at his store until nearly midnight Sunday but thought of the balloon as he was nearing home in a snowstorm and resolved to send it to Betty Joe the first thing Monday morning. But even as he opened the door, Betty Joe, who had supposedly been asleep four hours, called out "Balloon daddy!" and without stopping to argue, Mr. Childs got out the car and drove back to the store for the toy.

———— × ————

A nine-year-old playmate said to 3-year-old Keith Wilson Reeves, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson Reeves: "Do you suppose anyone could make a custard pie out of milkweed and eggplant? Keith answered assuredly: "My mother could."

———— × ————

Small Betty Louise Leonard, who has many original ideas, dislikes to have dresses-in-the-making fitted on her. When her mother asked her to stand still for a fitting she said: "Mother, I wish I'd been twins so all of my new dresses could have been tried on the other one."

———— × ————

A socially prominent, El Dorado grandmother was called to the telephone. "Is this Mrs. Blank who washes?" asked a youthful voice. "None of the Blank ladies wash or ever have washed " answered grandma haughtily. "Well you surely must be a mighty dirty family, grandma!" It was her grandson at the other end of the line, who is beginning early as a practical joker.

Anyone who has been injured and worn a visible bandage can appreciate the resourcefulness of Robert Pielsticker, who is wearing his arm in a sling. A friend probably the fifty-thousandth to ask the question, said: "What's the matter with your arm, Robert?" Without a word, Robert fished in his pocket, drew forth a piece of paper and handed it to his friend. The paper read.

Injury—Broken Arm.
When?—Wednesday.
Where?—Junior High School.
How?—Fell on it.
Condition?—Improving.

———×———

When Miss Louise Sulzbach, Red Cross-Welfare secretary, came from Iowa to Kansas on a visit when she was a little girl, she listened to much discussion of kafir corn, and being from Iowa, was interested. When she returned home she told her teacher: "Back in Kansas they have corn for cows and a special corn for little kaffies too."

———×———

The 1927 Baby Parade of the Kafir Corn Carnival was a resplendent pageant and little Sarah Lou Connell who rode in the first-prize trap was a beautiful creature with Spanish shawl and fan, and lips and cheeks tinted for the parade only. Just as the parade started the second day, a wheel on the Baby Queen float became useless. With admirable gallantry, young O. J. Connell jr., quickly lifted a wheel from the trap and adjusted it on the float of the Baby Queen "Won't the little girl in the trap be disappointed if she isn't in the parade?" asked an escort. "Oh that doesn't make any difference," responded O J. blithely, "she's just my sister!"

When all the eager lads of Boyville were passing a store, each leading a dog as admission ticket to a show, Mrs. M. S. Smock remarked: "I wish I had told a little neighbor boy of mine that he could have my dog this morning." As she finished speaking she caught a glimpse of her dog—with the little neighbor boy.

———— × ————

When Mary Elizabeth Shelden returned from a meeting of the Children of the American Revolution, and announced she had been chosen secretary of the C. A. R., her brother, Alvah, said challengingly: "I'll bet you don't know what C. A. R. stands for." "Yes I do," said Mary Elizabeth, "it stands for Children of the Revelations."

———— × ————

A recent dance was not the social success it might have been. Some of the older matrons registered horror all evening because a flapper mother fed her 7-months-old baby peanut brittle between dances.

———— × ————

Donald, 4-year-old son of the J. R. Stratfords of Wichita asked his father: "Did God make everything that's alive?" "Yes, He did." "But," protested Donald, "how in the world did He ever make the horses stand still while He pinned their tails on?"

———— × ————

Donald's 4-year-old sister, Marguerite, was being fitted with a pair of shoes. "How are those shoes?" asked the clerk as he tied the strings in a bow and stepped back to note the effect. Marguerite wriggled her toes reflectively and answered: "The shoes are all right but my feet are not big enough."

Florence Kenny, 13, home from boarding school, elected to prepare luncheon for her household which comprises sisters and a brother. "I'll have something good to eat," she promised, "dessert and everything." Everybody had to stay out of the kitchen during the preparations. When the hungry family gathered at the flower bedecked board there was before them minced ham, cheese, rolls that had been generously soaked in water before heating and, for dessert—pop. "I chose a menu," explained the small cook, "that is a change from our meals at school."

———— × ————

An El Dorado mother asserts that there is a great difference in boys, even though they are brothers. There's but a year's difference in the ages of her two sons, who often get into mischief. To punish for a misdemeanor, she sent them to the garage with instructions to stay there until she called them. Callers came and an hour had elapsed before she thought of the culprits. She found the older boy sitting on a box, patiently waiting to be called in, but the younger one had sold a setting hen for enough money to go to a movie.

———— × ————

Three-year-old Billy Slocum was listening to the purr of his pet kitten. "Aunt Addie, he called delightedly, "the kitty's motor is running."

———— × ————

The Judge V. P. Mooney family has lived in the same house on South Star Street nineteen years. Last week a former occupant who lives in a distant city called to ask if she had left a baby's high chair in the attic when she moved away. She hadn't.

Five-year-old Mary Ellen Corman had never attended school, but was the teacher when several of her little friends were playing school. "If you don't behave," said Mary Ellen to a mischievous pupil, "I'll send you to the principal." "What's a principal?" asked a round-eyed four-year-old. "A principal," explained Mary Ellen, "is the school spanker."

———×———

Mrs. Lee A. Ow was entertaining at the home of a co-hostess and her sister-in-law, Miss Elsie Ow looked after Master Junior Ow. When Mr. Ow returned home, Junior was sitting disconsolately on the porch-step. "What's the matter?" asked his father. "Nothing," said Junior, "only Aunt Elsie wants to wash my face and I won't let her. She doesn't work here."

———×———

Robert, 5-year-old son of L. D. Davidson' has heard his father talk about oil acreage so much that his favorite pastime is selling acreage to his little friends. His mother was making a pair of rompers, using a perforated pattern for cutting. "Mother, is that an oil map?" asked Robert. "No, a pattern." "Well, it looks like an oil map anyhow, it's so full of dry holes," he replied.

———×———

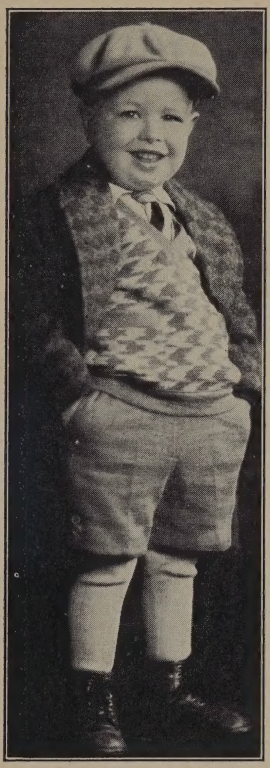
The young matrons of a mah jongg club took their children to see Baby Emma—weight 530 pounds—one of the carnival attractions. Three-year-old Constance Ann Blackburn, daughter of the Charles Blackburns, gazed intently at Baby Emma several minutes and then turned to her mother, anxiously, "Please mother," she implored, "don't ever eat any more suppers."

Little folk live in a mixed-up, make-believe world much of the time. Two 8-year-olds who, for convenience sake, we will call May and Jane, had a lovely imaginary party. The idea occurred to May at noon. "Mother," she announced, "Jane is eight years old and I'm invited to her birthday party." The mother wasn't feeling well but rose to the occasion as good mothers do. When May returned from school she was given a bath, freshly clothed, and attired in her frilliest frock. Her hair was trimmed, shoes polished and she went blithely to the "party" carrying a doll wrapped in tissue paper, tied with blue ribbon. When she returned home she gave a glowing account of the affair and said the chocolate ice cream and angel food cake were delicious. Being a considerate matron, the mother telephoned the society editor about the party. The s. e. called Jane's mother, for details. "There was no party at all," exclaimed the surprised mother. "Oh, May did come over all dressed up and brought Jane a doll, but I thought it was just one of the little make-believe games they play. The only 'eats' were two apples. None here but the two. Jane won't be eight until spring." Curtain.

———— × ————

Sarah Margaret Frazier, three years old, and her cousin, Frank Frazier Adams, one year older, were playing together. "Frank," said Sarah Margaret, "may I look at your teeth?" Consent was given. Drawing her small cousin to a window through which sunlight streamed Sarah Margaret made a careful examination and finally said: "Well Frank, I guess you aren't old enough to have cut your gold teeth."

A FUTURE FOOTBALL CAPTAIN



Portrait by J. W. Wright—Iris Studio.
JOE EVANS JR.

Master Joe Evans jr. was four years old when this photograph was made. He is five now and a pupil in Lincoln School kindergarten.

Joe jr. and his mother were walking along a Wichita street the other day and met one of the prettiest little girls Mrs. Evans had ever seen. Without comment, Joe jr. walked up to the little stranger and kissed her, then nonchalantly rejoined his mother and each mother and child passed on, without a word having been spoken. The pretty little girl made no objection to being kissed, but her blue eyes expressed surprise.

FRANCES FRAZIER

According to much that is written on the subject, the favorite method of college youngsters for extracting money from the family coffers is to wire or add a postscript—"Please tell dad to send $50 by return mail. Love." But an El Dorado girl unwittingly tapped the till. There was no mercenary thought in her mind when at college she wrote a letter to her parents, expressing appreciation and love for them. But when the letter—outpouring of newly-awakened girlish gratitude—had been read in the family circle, dad furtively wiped a tear from his eye and said huskily to mother: "Send that young lady an extra check for $100 tomorrow."

———— × ————

Sonny's seventh grade report card was not all that mother had anticipated. "Deportment 85!" she exclaimed severely as she scanned the card and immediately launched into a stern lecture. Sonny listened through with an aggravating smile playing at the corners of his mouth and when Mother had finished drew a crumpled card from his pocket and handed it to her. Mother's face was a study as she read on her own seventh grade report card, received so long ago, "Deportment 73." Sad, too, was the discovery that all the other grades on the old report card corresponded with the 73 and were lower than those on Sonny's school record.

———— × ————

Three-year-old Buddy McKay lost a string from his shoe and his mother reproved him. Buddy looked at his parent compassionately several minutes before he said, sympathetically, "My poor mother! Your baby's a boob."

SONNY AND THE RED HOTS

One El Dorado doctor has faith in his own pills.

Five-year-old Sonny (James Arthur) Wilson was pretending to be a doctor, playing with boxes of red hots, on which his grandmother, Mrs. James Arthur Wilson, had pasted imaginary prescriptions.

Sonny's father, Ted Wilson, decided to play too, when he arrived home in the evening. "Doctor," he said. "I'm not feeling well—how about some medicine?" "I'm out," said Sonny, with his best professional air, "but I've ordered more medicine like I had, from the grocery store."

"But where are all those red pills you had at noon" questioned father.

"Oh, the doctor wasn't feeling very well this afternoon," explained Sonny, as he left in his airplane to care for an emergency case in a far country.

———×———

Gwendolyn Gillespey, daughter of the Walter Gillespeys, was astonished when her mother told her she was to attend school, her first term. "Why mother," she protested, "I can't go to school—I don't even know how to read or write!"

———×———

Judge George J. Benson advertised in The Times Saturday: "Wanted—A Girl," giving his name and address. The advertisement brought immediate results. Sunday morning he greeted his first daughter, Margaret Isabel, weight, eight and one-half pounds.

———×———

Master Sam Holmes acknowledges the joke is on him. He started to say his prayers and instead said: "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star."

A BOY BOB

Snip! Snip! Snip!
Softly falls the hair
Pelting into downy heaps
Beneath the barber chair.
Whack! Whack! Whack!
Go the barber's shears
No more crowning glory
Nothing left but ears!

———— × ————

Jack Stoltz, 4-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Stoltz, was an interested listener while his Democratic dad and Republican mother indulged in a good-natured political discussion. As his mother was tucking him into bed later, Jack said, sleepily, "Mother, if you're a 'publican and daddy's a demoquat, I must be one of those bolseveeks."

———— × ————

Wilma Jean Grant, attending her first year in school, was saying the pledge of allegiance at home for the benefit of her parents, the Gene Grants. "I pledge allegiance to the American flag and to the Republic—" she began, and stopped. "Daddy," she said, "why don't we pledge allegiance to the Democrats too?"

———— × ————

An El Dorado child has a real grandmother, who keeps a cooky jar in the pantry and is particular about the appearance of children. Every time her little granddaughter pays a call, the grandmother sews on missing buttons, lengthens a dress hem or measures her for a new garment. What the grandmother may not have guessed is that when the child has a torn frock the lazy mother puts it on her and says: "Honey, would you like to go and see grandmother?"

Typical afternoon of a nine-year-old in the Great American Home:

1:30—Cutting pictures out of next month's magazines.

2:00—Up and down the Country Club slippery slide.

3:00—Diving into swimming pool—in striped green and white wool suit and scarlet cap.

3:30—At the picture show.

5:30—Picnic supper, lemonade, cookies, candy, watermelon.

6:30—Imbibing choc malt at a soda fountain.

7:00 Motoring.

8:00—In discontented heap on davenport, frankly bored, suggesting from time to time: "Mother—daddy, let's GO some place—isn't there anything in the WORLD to DO?"

———×———

Mrs. I. N. Bolinger, El Dorado rural route one, told this: Maxine, 5-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Sapp of Haverhall community, was with her mother inspecting the yard. "The trees are all losing their leaves," said Maxine. "If it does not rain the trees will all die," responded her mother. "Mother," said Maxine thoughtfully, "I'll tell you what I think about it—God is like all the rest; He is taking His vacation and is not attending to business."

———×———

Half an hour after Mrs. Will Seton had varnished six chairs while cleaning house, she noted an ominous quiet pervading the premises and sought her 3-year-old daughter, Joy. She found Joy absorbed in pasting to the newly-varnished chair backs, the last of 100 bits of white paper.

Jimmie, 4-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Henry was one of sixty guests at Jerry Gene Kelley's Halloween party to celebrate his seventh birthday. A joyous din resounded throughout the rooms, but Jimmie sauntered nonchalantly to the telephone, took down the receiver and began chatting with an imaginary person. "Wouldn't you rather sing —you can't hear a thing in this noise?" suggested Mrs. C. M. Kelley. "I don't want to hear anything," said Jimmie, "I shall do all the talking."

———×———

A parent is always treading on uncertain ground. Two neighbors were talking. Said one: "I had to scold several children who persisted in coming into the yard and asking for flowers every day." Said her caller, virtuously. "Well, their parents should be grateful to you. I'm sure I shouldn't want my child to go around the neighborhood asking for things, and I don't believe she would." The neighbor smiled, hesitated, but couldn't resist telling. "Well," she said, "your little girl dropped in one day and asked for the house and lot."

———×———

A new litter of shiny black pigs at the George Sluss country home, attracted the interest of little Virginia Sluss who marvelled at the gloss of the porcine hides. Finally she asked: "Daddy, did you put sta-comb on the little pigs?"

———×———

When Master Junior Yingling was informed that he was the brother of twin sisters, Martha Lou and Mary Patricia, he said: "Good! Now mother, since we have two girls in the family I should quit taking music lessons, shouldn't I?"

WHY MOTHERS FEEL THE HEAT

O. J. Connell, jr., is as mischievous as most boys his age. Mrs. Connell decided, Monday, to have photographs taken of her four children as they were all in good health and fine spirits. Preparations were about completed for the sittings when the mother critically inspected the well-brushed head of her eldest. "Run down quickly and have your hair cut," she told him. Half an hour later he was back grinning devilishly—his head smoothly shaven! His mother's stricken look made him penitent though and he is nightly immersing his head in olive oil, hoping to be presentable in a few weeks, for the postponed picture.

———×———

BEFORE THE ELECTION

The banner "Benson For Judge" over the intersection, caught the eye of little Sarah May Calvert and reminded her of something: "Oh Aunt Anne," she said to Miss Calvert, "the father of a little girl in my class at school is going to be elected president over everybody in the world. The little girl is Peggy Benson."

———×———

Betty Lou Fink calls her father endearing names. One night when the family had biscuits and honey, Betty Lou, unable to think of the word honey, said: "Mother, I'd like some sweetheart please."

———×———

Tommy Crummer, 3-year-old son of the Murray Crummers, came to grief at play. Trying vainly to brush away the tears streaming down his face, Tommy rushed into the house, calling, "Mother—give me a hankie quick to wipe my feelin's off."

An El Dorado newsboy was shouting "E-x-t-r-a! El Dorado Times Extra!" Supposing something unusually important had happened a woman rushed to the door and called the news boy. He had but one copy —the regular evening edition. "I thought you were calling a Times extra," said the woman. "I am," said the boy, "This is an extra paper left over from my route."

———×———

Six-year-old Morris Ramsey, around gathering old newspapers for the P. T. A.: "If our schoolroom gets the most, we get the surprise."

———×———

Billie Wallace Smith writes her parents, the Bernie Smiths, from the Mertz farm at Potwin that "a set of new kittens has arrived."

———×———

Betty Joe Childs was interested when a friend went to a doctor to "have her throat painted." When the patient returned from the physician's office Betty Joe asked: "What color did he paint it?"

———×———

John David Sullivan, 6-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Sullivan, saved sixty-six cents by making Es at school and digging dandelions. Then, acting on his own initiative, he appeared at the home of Mrs. R. C. Loomis, Red Cross secretary, and announced: "I want to give this money to the flood sufferers." And he did.

———×———

Richard V. Ramsey said to his grandmother, Mrs. G. A. Ramsey: "Wouldn't it be fine if people would begin to get young when they are old—just like they begin to get old when they are young?

In a Butler County school room recently, the pupils were passing out, in line, as the teacher named the rows. Just as she was about to designate Row 3, a smartly attired young visitor entered the school room. The teacher's curiosity overcame her, and, involuntarily, she whispered to a nearby teacher, "Row 3," and addressing the class, said in a clear, loud voice, "Who is she?"

———×———

Three-year-old Mary Virginia Crawford believes in the direct approach. Meeting Santa Claus down town, she clasped her hands appealingly and said, "Oh Santa I'm so GOOD!"

———×———

An indulgent and absent-minded El Dorado mother has a boy and girl known as "the little wildcats" when friends of the family are exchanging confidences. The trio paid a call and the mother sat chatting vivaciously while her angelic two piled every book, couch pillow and victrola record within reach in the middle of the living room floor. As the nervous hostess espied the little girl reaching on tip-toe for a new box of expensive powder on her dressing table, she said with a forced smile: "They have everything in here but the coffee percolator." "Bettee," called the mother, "doesn't little lambie want to play with pretty percolator—it's in the kitchen, darling."

———×———

John Bunyan Adams jr., 3-years-old, liked to go out each evening to see the "thousand twinky stars." One night, as he stood gazing heavenward, a flash of lightning streaked across the sky and John Bunyan jr. said: "Why daddy, the twinky stars spit at me!"

The wife of a professional man told this at a party: "I learned that my 6-year-old son had gone to the home of a neighbor and when the maid answered his ring, said that he wanted some bread and jam. The maid told him that Mrs. Blank was not at home. 'That's all right,' he said, 'I know where to find the jam,' and walked in and helped himself. When I heard of it, I decided to have him tell me about it, and so I said 'Son, I believe you've done something naughty that you haven't told mother about,' and continued the line of conscience talk, until he decided to confess. 'Yes, mother,' he said, finally, 'I've wanted to tell you a long time—I've been smoking cigarets'."

———×———

The subject of birthdays was mentioned in the Henry G. Sandifer family, and little Mary Lou asked: "Daddy, how long do we have birthdays?" "'Til we die," he answered. "Don't folks have birthdays after they die?" persisted Mary Lou. "No—no more birthdays after we die." "That's queer, daddy," said Mary Lou, "you know George Washington is dead and he still has birthdays!"

———×———

Four-year-old Marshall Harrison appeared before Mrs. C. L. Aikman, togged out in new raiment for Sunday School. "You look like a million dollars this morning," she said smilingly. And Marshall smiled back. "I is," he said.

———×———

When 4-year-old Doris Turner returned from Sunday School her mother said: "What was talked about this morning?" "Mother," said Doris, seriously, "One man talked a long, long time and finally said 'On In'!"

Bobby Steiger, 8-year-old son of the Frank H. Steigers, won $5 as a prize for best decorated scooter in the 1925 Kafir Corn Carnival Baby Parade. When his grandmother, Mrs. Rose Steiger, asked what he intended doing with the prize money, he said: "I'm going to pay my room rent and buy all my books at college with it."

———— × ————

Dear Old Dads are far more important in the affections of their modern young daughters than they are given credit. Saturday night, nearly an hour after a bridal couple had left on a long honeymoon trip, the door of the parental home where wedding guests still lingered, burst open, and the pretty bride, Gerdine Young Seeley, rushed in and embraced her father. "I didn't get to kiss daddy goodbye," she explained, looking like a 15-year-old in her smart little traveling suit. It seemed that just as she was about to bestow the farewell kiss on Dad, a crowd of mischievous friends who had wired the honeymoon car with old shoes, tin cans, tree branches and tubs, unceremoniously pushed her into the car.

———— × ————

Recipes and grandchildren are popular topics of conversation at bridge tables. Mrs. Granville P, Aikman, tells this: "In August when we were in Colorado Springs my 3-year-old granddaughter, Dorothy, was much impressed with her first close-up of a camel, an elephant and two monkeys. Yesterday I noticed Dorothy had a hole in her shoe. "How did that hole happen to be in your new shoe?" I asked. "The elephant out by the Broadmoor Hotel stepped on my foot," she promptly answered.

When the society editor telephoned a charming young matron at 311 South Washington Street, an assortment of melodies was distinguishable at the other end of the wire "Just a minute," said the matron, "we're receiving a concert over the radio, Sonnyboy is operating the player piano and every time the telephone rings, the parrot begins to talk."

———×———

Manley Marston, 5-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Marston, has his own ideas about the light control of the world —and other things. Clouds overspreading the sky slightly darkened the Marston dining room at breakfast time, and Manley observed: "I guess God is oversleeping this morning—He hasn't turned the sun on yet." The first time Manley noticed the moon it was crescent-shaped but the next time it was full. "Look, daddy," he said matter-of-factly, "God has screwed some new lights in the moon and made it round."

———×———

Norman Harry Overholser, 5-year-old pupil at the afternoon kindergarten, was interested in the story told of Columbus. When he returned home he asked his parents if they knew about Columbus and to encourage him to tell the story they pretended ignorance. He told the story well and glowingly but as he finished a scornful look flashed over his face and he said, "And you folks didn't know that—after you've been all through school!"

———×———

A fond father spent two hours searching the shops for a birthday gift for his three-months-old daughter, his firstborn, yesterday, and finally went home with a straw hat and material for a red dress.

Billy (Alvin Cletus) 4-year-old son of the J. A. Morains, tearfully told his father that he had been hurt by a bee. "Did he sit on you pretty hard, son," said his father, sympathetically. "No, he didn't," said Billy, "he just stood right up and stung me."

———— × ————

The Webb Martin family of Yuma, Colo., was in El Dorado on a visit. Mrs. Martin came by rail two weeks in advance of her family, leaving her 4-year-old son, Russell, in care of his grandmother and father. When the family arrived by motor, Russell climbed on his mother's lap and said: "Mother, won't you come out to Yuma some time and visit us?"

———— × ————

Three-year-old Margaret Lee Wallace called at the Charles F. Mason home yesterday—a regular every-day incident in her life—and asked, as she chose a stick of gum from a package: "Mrs. Mason, do you mind if you divide your gum with me?"

———— × ————

Four-year-old Marion Williams, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williams, who sat beside his pet kitten as she lay asleep on the floor last evening, suddenly leaned over his pet, listened intently, and said: "Daddy, my kitten's gone to sleep and left its engine running."

———— × ————

Usually Mrs. Will Flanagan slices bananas for her little daughter, Dorothea, but today she said: "We have no bananas this morning, honey." "Mother," protested 4-year-old Dorothea, "you mustn't say it that way; everybody now says, 'Yes, we have no bananas this morning, honey'."

ON WALNUT HILL

Twenty-one years ago yesterday—when El Dorado knew no beauty shops and frequent shampoos were tabu—an oily-haired member of the Spring Chicken Club called upon a bride in a newly-papered house on Walnut Hill. As the caller left she glanced back and was horrified to discover that by inadvertently leaning her head against a wall, she had left a grease spot on the pretty new paper. Nothing was said. Last night that bride was—quite by accident—avenged. Her 20-year-old son called at the home of the once oily-haired member of the Spring Chicken Club and when he left his hostess he also left upon her smartly decorated wall a round ring where his sta-combed hair had rested.

———— × ————

Nine-year-old Paul, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Watkins, of Towanda, was tired one night, after attending a rodeo. So was his mother. She accompanied him to his room, intending to help him prepare for bed, but thought of a household duty that needed attention. "Wait on yourself, Paul," she said. An hour later she glanced into the room and found Paul bravely rubbing his eyes, to keep awake. "How long do I have to wait, Mother?" he asked.

———— × ————

The last rites are said for Jean Fitzgerald's pet kitten. The kitten was buried with ceremony in a vacant lot and as little Jeannette Penwell and her playmates were on the way to the burial, Jeannette was overheard to say: "You know George Clark Elson and Junior Fitzgerald are to be the polar bears."

RUTH HAS GOLDEN CURLY HAIR

Mrs. Harry Cox: "Let's hope the baby's hair will be curly."

Mr. Cox: "Let's hope for hair first."

———— × ————

Jack Morris, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Morris, who will be four years old in January, had the thrill of his young life Sunday night at the Sunday School Christmas tree program. Ever since last Christmas when Jack's parents thought he was too young to join the children trooping about Santa Claus, at the annual tree, Jack has planned to shake hands with Kris Kringle this year. So Sunday night he hung on to Santa's red coattails, until he was lifted high on the back of a chair before the big crowd and was asked by Santa: "How old are you?" Jack was all eager earnestness and shouted across the room, "Daddy, how old are I?" The general laugh that followed did not confuse Jack. His eyes and ears were all for Old Santa.

———— × ————

Little Mirriam Smith accompanied her brother, Harlan, to a train to say goodbye before he left for Oxford. When she returned home her mother said: "Well, did Harlan get off?" "No," said Mirriam, frankly puzzled, "but he got on."

———— × ————

Five-year-old Ethel Mabel Brown of Leon, chosen as queen of the 1926 Kafir Corn Carnival Baby Parade, has initiative as well as beauty. Lately she was a flower girl at a wedding, and after the ceremony, was unexpectedly asked to sing. Without consulting anyone as to a choice of song, she responded promptly with "Show Me The Way To Go Home."

NEXT!

A father led his small daughter into an El Dorado shop and instructed the barber to bob her hair. The hair was a tangled mass. The father hung anxiously about the chair, as the barber deftly combed out the kinks and tangles, and in ten minutes the hair was smoothly brushed, and rippled about the child's face in a shining halo of soft, becoming curls. "Say, mister," said the embarrassed father, who had watched the child's transformation with fascinated eyes, "I guess I don't want this hair off, after all. It's too pretty since you've combed it out so nice—and I can't bear to see those curls cut. What do I owe you?" "Not a thing," said the good-natured barber, as he lifted his patron from the chair and turned to a row of waiting mothers, asking, genially, "Who's next for a hair comb today?"

———— × ————

Ernest Victor Yingling, jr., is obsessed by an earnest wish to be a good boy, on all occasions. His parents have used much wise and logical (verbal) persuasion to imprint that point of view upon his keen youthful mind. He returned from a party the other day, considerably elated. "Folks," he said proudly, "I asked Mrs. Blank twice today if I were being a good boy, and she said 'yes' both times. I guess, really, I was the best boy today that I ever was."

———— × ————

Marianna Gensler Oder, of Fort Russell, Wyo., daughter of the Carl Foulkses, told her 2-year-old baby, Helen Agnes, to turn over and go to sleep, and Helen Agnes made this emphatic response: "I don't a-goin' to does it."

Remember the little-girl thrill you derived from your fourteenth birthday anniversary gifts of a red leather volume of Longfellow's poems, a pair of new shoes and two pink hair ribbons? Josephine Margaret Waldorf, pretty El Dorado girl, was 14 the other day and among her presents were six vanity compacts, four chokers of pearls, two dozen American Beauty roses and half a dozen boxes of candy.

———×———

Shelden and Virginia Scott live in Wichita, but attend Sunday school in El Dorado. Six-year-old Virginia was scheduled to take a part in the Easter program at a church here and had bought a pair of new shoes for the occasion. When she looked out of a window Easter morning and noted the snowstorm she exclaimed, "Well, Grandmother, it's all over but the shoes, isn't it."

———×———

Russell Stratford, five, was playing with a knife and threatened to cut his grandmother's tablecloth. He was told not to cut the cloth as it was the best one she had. "Looking up with an engaging smile, he said. "I'll cut it in two, so she will have two best tablecloths."

———×———

Robert Braden, 6 years old, was anxious for a baby sister. His mother, Mrs. Charles Braden, called on the mother of a new baby in the nighborhood and when she returned home noticed a large cardboard sign in the window, but thought it was the ice card. Later she discovered that it was not the ice card, but a piece of cardboard on which her son had printed in plain, big, black lettering, "Please, please, Mr. Stork, bring me a baby sister."

Portrait by Boston.

CONSTANCE AND JACK THOMPSON

Constance Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thompson, three years old, made her debut in society by attending Tommy Faulders' party. When she returned home her mother, wishing to determine Constance's preference in little girls, asked: "Who was the nicest little girl at the party, Connie?" And Connie smiled confidently and said: "I was, Mother."

———— × ————

Connie's brother, Master Jack Thompson, was blinking his eyes rapidly. "What's the matter," asked his mother, "do your eyes hurt?" "Oh no," said Jack, "I'm just making sparkles."

Immediately after Burnette Stratford rallied from an appendix operation he said to his mother: "Gee, I'm glad I didn't have to have both my appendixes out." In her haste in packing a grip for Burnette before he was rushed to Wichita for the emergency operation, his mother assembled six starched blouses, two suits of clothes, six ties and twelve handkerchiefs. At the hospital the patient lacked only sleeping garments, socks, underwear, comb and toothbrush.

———×———

Margaret Lee Wallace, 2-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd (Jack) Wallace observed her grandmother, Mrs. John B. McClure write a check for milk and cream, and quickly grasped the idea. She slipped to a desk, marked energetically upon a blank check and ran to the Ow Grocery where she said to Deacon Ow: "I want a lot of candy, and here is a check to pay for it."

———×———

Lowell Clemmons, 9-year-old student in sixth grade history, asked his 2-year-old brother, Phillip, to say Amerigo Vespucci. Philip looked at his mother, Mrs. Marcus Omar Clemmons, appealingly and cried in alarm: "No! No! Mother doesn't want me to say naughty words, do you mother?"

———×———

When Miss Ida Coxe and Miss Anna Anderson were in California, a prince and princess from Sweden held a public reception. Miss Anna observed a small girl in the crowd, crying broken-heartedly. "Are you lost?" asked Miss Anna. "No-o," sobbed the child, but I came down to see the prince—and he's just a man!

From R. A. Clymer's Listening Post: Little Charley Lilley told his father, James Lilley, that he did not consider him handsome. "Well, who are good-looking men then," demanded Lilley Senior, with more parental emphasis than usual. "Why Chet Shelden and Ham Berger," answered that blessed child. Chet and Ham—the Jeff and Mutt of Butler County—have been taking curtain bows ever since. It's the first time anybody ever called them prize beauties, but 'out of the mouths of babes' y'know.

———×———

In the manner of all rapturous mothers, Mrs. Frank Newacheck said to her 3-year-old daughter: "Shirley, what makes you so sweet?" Shirley pressed her rosebud mouth close to her mother's ear and whispered softly: "God made me sweet as the dickens."

———×———

Shirley and her 5-year-old brother, John, were inspecting their father's shaving mug, when Shirley asked: "Why does daddy shave?" John replied promptly: "To clean his mug."

———×———

Barbara Jane Baker was giving a reading at the 1928 Presbyterian Children's Day program when the church was packed and an intense quiet pervaded. "My mother says my eyes are bright, as any stars that shine at night, So to my—" began Barbara Jane, and paused thoughtfully. "Grandmother," shouted 4-year-old Jimmie Henry from the audience. It was the wrong word, but inspired by Jimmie's ardent desire to help, Barbara Jane recalled the correct lines and finished—"Master, these I'll lend in seeing good 'till light shall end."

Bobby Estes has the prize this week for the most original gesture of play in babydom. Sunday he opened the door of the refrigerator, and when his mother found him, was using the prune dish as a helmet, while prunes and juice streamed down his face and over his best clothes.

———×———

Erleen, 5-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Casteel, enlivens many programs with her excellent readings. She has never hesitated about stepping out, announcing the name of her reading and proceeding with entire self-possession until at a church circle meeting. When she had made her bow, and still did not begin, her mother made anxious inquiry. "I've decided," said Erleen, "to wait until after we have something to eat."

———×———

Masters Billy Oder and Kay Herbert were calling with their mothers and when in a scrap over a victrola record dropped and broke it. Their dismayed parents, hurriedly piecing the record together, found the title to be "After the Battle, Mother."

———×———

Charlene Ruth Brown opened the door in response to an imperative knock and beheld John Bill McClure, 4-year-old son of the Milton McClures, holding a hatchet. John Bill's expression was extremely business like as he asked: "Lady, do you want your grass cut?"

———×———

Little Jeannette Penwell has always called her grandmother "Bunny." Three-year-old Jerry Gene Kelley asked, "Can you tell me why it is, daddy, that Jeannette calls her grandmother "Rabbit" or something like that?"

Brown-eyed Joe McCraner, little son of Mr. and Mrs. William J. McCraner, is three years old. Yesterday, he lugged a brick from the garage into the house and deposited it on the living room floor. "Joe," said his father sternly, "pick that up and take it right back where you got it." Holding his tiny hands, palms up, in front of him, and eyeing them forlornly, Joe asked, "With these tiny little hands, daddy?" Later Joe asked to accompany Mr. McCraner down town and the father said he could go if he would promise not to ask for anything. "I promise," said Joe, solemnly, but as they passed the first soda fountain he looked in wistfully and said, "Daddy if you'd ask me if I wanted an ice cream cone I'd say Yes!"

———×———

Three-year-old Mary Holman emerged from the gym circus wide-eyed and triumphant. "I saw it!" she exclaimed. 'I saw a real lion made out of paper and boys."

——— × ———

Betty Gorrell was six years old Saturday. Walking home with a friend from Sunday School, Betty said: "I had a birthday yesterday but it's all gone now and so is the cake."

———×———

"Donald, what shall we get daddy for a birthday present," Mrs. Ray Weidman asked her 7-year-old son. "I know," he responded enthusiastically, "a real leather football!"

——— × ———

Henry Bill, 2-year-old son of the Basil Logans of Wichita, spent an evening here at the Eldon Jarnagin home and was watching the sunset: "Come quick," he called, "and see the sun before it melts."

When five-year-old Judd Allen of Barnsdall, Okla., visited his aunt, Mrs. Walter Huffman at Oil Hill, she announced she would bring Judd to El Dorado to see little Mary Margaret Dickinson. Judd was thoughtful. "Does Mary Margaret have freckles on her face?" he inquired. "No," said his aunt, "but why do you ask?" "It will be all right then for me to go," said Judd, "but you know my mother doesn't want me to get any more freckles. I already have some on my nose."

———— × ————

Three-year-old Barbara Jane Lockwood arrived in El Dorado from California one hot day. "How do you like Kansas?" a friend asked her. "All right," said Barbara Jane, "only I can't seem to get the ocean breeze."

———— × ————

Junior Forgy is an adorable 4-year-old with a warming smile and miscellaneous manners — a collection of manners gleaned from mother's code and from the kids around the corner. Last night a distinguished guest dined at Junior's home—a visitor extremely dignified, sensitive and polished, with a nose by nature rouged. In leaving, he said goodbyes politely and unbent to caress the boy, who had radiated charm all evening. "Goodbye," responded Junior, and then loudly, as an after-thought, "Goodbye, old Tomato Face!"

———— × ————

During a serious illness of Mrs. J. B. McKay, a caller remarked to little Marjorie Ann: "Your father must be dreadfully worried about your mother." "Oh he is," answered Marjorie Ann, with impressive emphasis, "he sits up every night until midnight working on abstracts."

Mrs. Frank Thompson left her three-year-old-son Bobby, with his grandfather, William Sandifer, one afternoon and when she returned home, found that Bobby and a 2-year-old next-door neighbor, Mercedes Ruth Stratford, had turned water through a hose full force into the basement, soaking things generally, then had eaten all the jello salad she had left in the refrigerator. After that they had scattered several solid silver spoons to the four winds in the back yard. In face of all this, Mrs. Thompson laughed. Because she did not scold her son, but looked for the motive that lies behind most youngsters' mischief, she learned this: That the water had been turned into the basement to provide a drink for the Angora cat that loafed there; the jello had been eaten so both children would look like the 'jello girl' in the advertisements and the spoons had been sailed into the back yard so they would be handy the next morning to dig an oil well.

———×———

An El Dorado mother intends having several teeth extracted, and in order to prepare her little son for a possible change in her facial appearance, said, "Tommie, won't mother look funny, when she has a lot of her teeth out?" "Yes you will mother," assured Tommie, "and I think you look funny enough now."

———×———

Small Junior Steere, grandson of the W. L. McKaigs, visited on a farm and when at home again regaled his 3-year-old sister, Betty Lucile, with thrilling tales of breaking ponies. Betty Lucile told a neighbor: "When Junior goes to the farm again I'm going along and we're going to break ponies into pieces all the time."

"I can spell Des Moines," Burnsie Hegler, a radio fan, told his mother. "May I hear you?" asked his mother, concealing her pride as successfully as possible. "WHO," said Burnsie.

———×———

Three-year-old Gloria Ann Acton, daughter of Mrs. and Mrs. Dick Acton, granddaughter of Mrs. Flora Stewart and great granddaughter of Mrs. Addie Bradley, was preparing to walk to town with Mrs. Stewart. "We'll wear our new dresses and put on a lot of style," said Mrs. Stewart. When they returned and were changing attire, Gloria Ann said: "Here's how we take off our style, isn't it?" Recently, Gloria Ann saw a black horse. "If I had a black dress I could ride that horse couldn't I?" she asked.

———×———

Three-year-old Mary Margaret Dickinson, daughter of the Jeter Dickinsons, visited her father's parents in Evergreen, Ala. Her grandfather is a Baptist minister and Mary Margaret began at once to absorb atmosphere. After she returned home she was reciting nursery rhymes to her mother, and began: "Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone, but when she got there—a bone was on the top shelf for the poor old dog, mother—Praise the Lord!"

———×———

Micky Oder, little daughter of Lieutenant and Mrs. Raymond Oder, was despondent for no apparent reason and Mrs. Robert H. Bradford, to console her, said, "Come on Mickey, let's drive around a few blocks." Micky's tears were dried and the ride was fulfilling its mission until Micky suddenly demanded "the blocks to play wiv."

Seven-year-old Susanne Long who was calling upon 9-day-old Marian Darling Schide, did not have a cold but had been instructed by her mother not to sneeze or cough while looking at the baby. After Susanne had gazedly intently at the infant several minutes she turned to her mother and asked, wonderingly: "Mother, may I yawn?" * * * When two, Susanne conceived a passion for American flags and while in Colorado Springs achieved a collection of all the attractive flags she saw. One evening, she breathlessly summoned her parents to the door and pointing toward a gorgeous double rainbow, said: "Daddy, please get me that bootiful flag—'way up high." * * * When she was three, Susanne examined her mother's new dress and said "I'm just killing for a dress like yours and I'd just die if I had one like it."

———×———

When the mother, reading aloud, came to the place in the story where a shy young girl "dropped her eyes," the little daughter interrupted with, "and could she ever see again?"

———×———

Richard Patrick Keller, little son of Mrs. Harry Hart, likes to recite, " 'Twas the night before Christmas when all thru the house, not a creature was stirring—" but Richard Patrick invariably says not a "preacher" was stirring, and refuses to have it any other way.

———×———

Four-year-old Junior Gore, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Gore, has relatives on a farm and knows all about stables and mangers. He learned at Sunday School that Jesus was born in a manger. "Mother", he said, "I know the manger is on the farm, but where is the hay I was born in?"

Even if the expression "a good time was had by all" had not become obsolete years ago, it could not have been written truthfully about little Patricia Ann Gore's party Saturday. Master Jimmie Bain frankly said he didn't have a good time—that he would rather play with Patricia Ann alone. He was the only boy in a guest group of twenty-seven girls. He was present because Patricia Ann stood pat—if Jimmie didn't come she absolutely would not have a party. Both are four and constant playmates.

———×———

Six-year-old Elizabeth Jane Lathrop, granddaughter of the B. R. Leydigs, returned from the Los Angeles kindergarten on her first day and asked her mother: "Why do all the children say 'president' when the teacher calls their names? I thought Coolidge was president."

———×———

Grant Angus (Billy) Salisbury, 5-years-old, was admiring a team of plow horses when the owner said: "Do you think you could drive a team?" "Well, I think I ought to," said Billy, "I was born in a horspital."

———×———

Years ago a small El Dorado boy was called Unconscious by his schoolmates because he always looked so listless and apathetic. Now he lives in a metropolis and by dint of his own efforts has an income of five thousand a month.

———×———

When Mrs. Roy A. Thompson reminded her small son, Roy Arthur, jr., to brush his teeth before going to school, he protested: "What's the use mother — the nurse has quit asking us now if we've brushed them!"

Miss May Hart, one of El Dorado's prepossessing young women, stepped into a barber's chair for her first bob. She had been debating the question for months and the decision had been made. The attendant carefully arranged the towels and picked up the scissors—but at that crucial moment the fair patron changed her mind. "I believe," she said, "I'll postpone this for a day or two." And she did.

———×———

When Tommy Crummer, John Bill McClure, Mary Virginia Crawford, Margaret Lee Wallace, Louis Marshall, jr., and Constance Ann Blackburn rode in one immense decorated basket through the 1926 carnival parade each wore a blissful smile —each had an ice cream cone. As the babies waited for the parade to start they became restless and a mother exclaimed: "If you'll all be good until after the parade you may have ice cream cones." Instantly the six began wailing for cones—a new thought—and one mother did a peace-at-any-price marathon to the nearest drug store. As they rode through town, Tommy Crummer clapping his hands ecstatically and the others wreathed in smiles—and ice cream—they were wildly applauded.

———×———

Within six years seven babies kicked their heels and waved tiny arms within the downy confines of an artistic wheeled bassinet the J. A. Aylwards bought for their firstborn, Joanne. The bassinet, which is loaned to friends by the Aylwards most of the time, was occupied in turn by Joanne and Mary Frances Aylward, Mary Elizabeth Wixson, Betty Jean Aylward, Charles Mason jr., Virginia DeLaney and Patsy Ruth Murray.

Commenting upon the fact that her 8-year-old daughter, Wilma Jean, has practiced for many programs but has never yet appeared in one because of untimely appearance of measles, scarlet fever or whooping cough, Mrs. Gene Grant said that the first money ($12) she ever "made" was when she appeared in a play in Erie, when she was sixteen. A co-incidence is that Alvah George Hall, court reporter for Judge A. T. Ayres, wrote and directed the play. Miss Irene Haines, who paints as well as writes, made her first dollar three years ago when a theater paid for showing a picture she had painted.

———×———

When Marianna Gensler Oder was a little girl, she heard her mother making plans for flower beds and asked permission to have a flower bed of her own. The permission was given. The same day, Rev. W. R. B. Terrill called with a bouquet of Easter lilies for Marianna who accepted and disappeared. When her mother discovered her, she had removed the pillows from the bed and arranged the lilies neatly in a row. "Marianna has a flower bed now," she announced.

———×———

For thirty-eight years, Linton D. Hadley and his wife, Ella Bolin Hadley, have celebrated May 22—the anniversary which marks the first time they ever went anywhere together and which was the beginning of a courtship that culminated in a happy marriage.

———×———

Little Allen Munson was motoring from Wichita with his father, Elmer Munson, when hail stones began falling. "Oh daddy," he exclaimed, "just see how it's moth-balling."

Miss Flora (Polly) Parsons, a columnist on the Wichita Beacon, has always humored her small nephews and has lavished more ice cream cones and bon bons upon them than have their parents. Beginning each September 1 Miss Polly saves $5 weekly for a month's summer vacation in Colorado. Last summer, she invited her nephew, Ray Howard Cubbon, to accompany her. "Now," cautioned the little boy's mother, "don't ask Aunt Polly to buy you striped sugar canes every few hours and everything else you see along the way." Ray Howard looked at his mother in complete surprise. "Why, mother," he exclaimed, "didn't you know —my Aunt Polly is a rich woman!"

———×———

Robert Stewart Walker is three years old. On the morning of his anniversary, his mother said: "This is your birthday, Bobby Stewart," Said Bobby. "I'm so glad, mother—where is it?"

———×———

John Irvin, 2-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Bush, accompanied his grandmother, Mrs. Frank Anderson, to the Episcopal Church and for the first time saw a vested choir. Reporting his impression at home, John Irvin said: "Mother, the angels passed right by me this morning, so close, and I wasn't a bit afraid."

———×———

A pretty young mother sat at a soda fountain while her infant reposed in a market basket upon an adjoining stool. Tables and fountain seats were filled and an impatient customer who wanted a bromo for a headache was about to brush the basket to the floor, when the mother screamed and the infant began to cry to the high heaven.

LIVES IN WICHITA NOW

Three weeks after the birth of her first baby, an El Dorado girl-mother left the hospital. As she tripped along the hall, waving farewell to patients in various rooms, she was a picture of happiness and eagerness to be at home. Just as she stepped into an elevator, a nurse hurried from the room the mother had occupied, calling, "You've forgotten Sally, the baby!" And, as this is a true tale, sure enough she had.

———×———

Harris Robison, not quite three years old, developed reasoning powers early in life. He asked, "Mother, are Santa Claus and Jack Frost brothers?" "I don't know, Harris, why do you ask?" replied his mother. "Well," said Harris, "I thought they might be brothers because they both come from a cold country."

———×———

Little J. J. Hess, jr., was all ready for his first day of school. "Mother," he said, "I don't want to stay at school this afternoon while the circus is going on, so I won't go back at noon." School was not to be dismissed, so Mrs. Hess assured her son that with enrolling and other incidents of first day, she would not expect him home until 4 o'clock. "For goodness sake mother," cried Junior, "it won't take me all day to unroll."

———×———

Chances are that President Coolidge's favorite book, in boyhood, was "Huckleberry Finn." You will recall that "Huck" said: "But I never said nothing, never let on; kept it to myself. It's the best way; then you don't have no quarrels and don't get into no trouble."

The Mohawk Oil Company—comprising Ralph B. Ralston and Herbert B. Mason—is about the smallest incorporated oil company in the state. The first well the two drilled together was the Hawk well at Elbing. Then they drilled a duster. Driving to Newton one day, Mr. Mason said: "What we need, Ralph, is more Hawk." "All right," agreed Mr. Ralston, "let's incorporate and call our company The Mohawk." They did. As a result of that casual confab, the two have since operated together—and their joint oil income is $3,000 daily.

———×———

Master Sam Holmes, son of S. F. Holmes jr., of Electra, Tex., while visiting here, noticed a flaring newspaper headline—"Filling Station Held Up." Returning from Wichita the next day with his aunt, Mrs. M. J. Long, Sam gazed intently at a station and asked: "Aunt Susanne, is that the filling station they lifted up and took the money out of?"

———×———

Little Sam had the measles and was put to bed in a darkened room and given a bell to summon the family to his bedside in case he wished something. No sooner had the family left the room than the bell rang, and was promptly answered. "I'm sick now," said Sam, "all broken out. When do the flowers begin to come?" Two minutes later the bell again rang. "Is there a twenty-eleven?" Sam wanted to know. The third response to the wildly ringing bell was greeted with this question: "You said there are three kinds of measles—wouldn't it be funny if I had the black measles on one side of my face, the red measles on the other side and the German measles all over me?"

Jack Bond and Ham Berger frequently play cribbage and exchange considerable unkind persiflage. Betty Bond, three, resents any cleverness at her dad's expense and last night as the two men were ragging each other over the game, in the Bond living room, they heard Betty conclude her nightly prayer with this earnest supplication: "And dear Lord, please make Ham Berger a better man."

———×———

Norman, 3-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Daniels, visited a neighbor boy and the two played in a barn where there was a bale of hay. Returning home, Norman said, "Mother, I saw a loaf of grass over there." Norman's father is an ex-service man. Norman was born while Mr. Daniels was overseas and did not see his father until he was nine months old.

———×———

M. R. at four years, having her first bath without assistance, enthusiastically scrubbing a grimy knee with soapy washrag: "Mother, I'm big enough now to give myself a bath and all you'll have to do is tell me when I get too clean. * * * Greeting a caller: "I've had the most fun all afternoon playing movie actress, only I didn't really smoke. * * * At noon the first day of school: "Daddy, why didn't you stay at school—we were only kept an hour," Dad: "Was afraid the teacher would send me home." M. R. witheringly: "You could just as well have hung around outside, like Shep did." * * * At five, wearing her best frock to town: "Everybody who sees me all dressed up like this will think we're rich, won't they mother—and don't you just hope somebody in an old Ford car with the tires all off won't ask us to ride home?"

Did you ever wonder what a modern little boy does to while away the time while his father is playing golf. Ten minutes after Bernie W. Smith had left for the golf links, his 5-year-old son, Hoyt, had stuffed so much Bermuda grass into the left ear of Libby, the prize Boston bull-dog, that a veterinarian had to be called. To make his father's home-coming even more interesting, Hoyt found a can of white paint and completed a marvelous paint job on both sides of the new Marmon car.

———×———

Marylin, 3-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Miller, is greatly devoted to her father. Mrs. Miller entertained a club and when the guests had gone, Marylin went to her mother and said, "I told them not to eat all the ice cream so there would be some left for daddy. Did they leave any?"

———×———

Miss Jane Stratford of El Dorado, now teaching in the Hawaiian Islands, asked a native pupil this question: "Who was Columbus?" The pupil replied, "Oh, he's the Gem of the Ocean."

———×———

Little Mickey Wiley used a word of which his mother, Mrs. Ralph Wiley, did not approve. "Suppose your Sunday School teacher heard you say that?" asked his mother. "I don't talk in Sunday School. The teacher does all the talking," was Mickey's reply.

———×———

We once knew a fond father who did not have the picture of his little daughter in a silver frame on his desk, but it was because no photographer could be found who could do the child's beauty justice.

Mary Jo Van Denberg

The heaviest rain in El Dorado's history was falling, when 4-year-old Mary Jo VanDenberg, at the window watching the downpour said: "Well mother, I guess God must have turned on all His faucets."

———— × ————

Richard V. Ramsey, 5, was asking his mother, Mrs. Howard Ramsey, all about the origin of the world. When told that God made Adam—the first man—Richard V. said in surprise, "Did He make the first person a GROWN man?" and added thoughtfully, before his mother could answer: "Of course, I know why He did that—if He had make Adam a little baby there wouldn't have been anyone to take care of him."

Genevieve Maxine Joy Eilerts has three given names and this is how it happened. She had been named Maxine Joy a whole week, before her father, Dr. W. J. Eilerts, decided he preferred the name of Genevieve to all others—so Genevieve was tacked on in front of the other two.

———×———

Twelve-year-old Mary Lou Sandifer is deeply interested in biographies of Abraham Lincoln and George Washington, "I wish to learn all I can about those famous men," she confides, "to correct an early impression I had that Lincoln was Washington's father."

———×———

Clifford William Stone, who was ten years old, November 9, and is a pupil in the 5-A grade taught by Miss Violet Dial, Washington School, is a high scorer in brilliancy in school work. Last year, his grandmother, Mrs. S. R. Clifford, offered him ten cents for every E. he made, and it cost her $5. She renewed the offer this year and during the first semester of school recently closed, Clifford William made all E's. What more could one small boy do to toward promoting his scholarship and enlarging his bank account?

———×———

Two-year-old Barbara Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Brown, was playing with her dolls when her mother told her to pick up her playthings because her uncle would arrive shortly. The mother went into detail about the expected uncle and informed the little girl that he was an aviator. "So he likes to see things in order does he," said Barbara, conversationally, "all right, mother, I'll just pick up everything before that alligator arrives."

Mrs. Icy Villars, principal of the grade schools, has a retentive memory, a sense of humor and an understanding of children; consequently she has on tap a rich store of amusing sayings of school youngsters. One incident concerns Raymond Embree, now in college. Mrs. Villars was principal of Washington School when Raymond came for his first day. The pupils had gone in the evening when Mrs. Villars heard loud wails from outside. "What is the matter?" she asked, deeply concerned when she saw Raymond huddled on the doorstep. "Oh teacher," sobbed Raymond, "I've been to school all day and I haven't learned to read." His mother had said in the morning, "Raymond is going to school to learn to read."

———×———

Five-year-old Alfred Eckert, jr., visited his grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Dinsmore before going to Madrid, Spain. One morning, Dr. Dinsmore said: "It's time to get up, Alfred—let's dress and shave and go to work."

"But I don't shave," reminded Alfred.

"Why don't you?" said jocular grandfather.

"Because," replied Alfred, "I haven't planted any whisker seed yet."

———×———

Concerning her grandson, Mrs. Tom Thompson wrote in the Howard Courant: Tom Hoover, aged 4, progresses in religious education. At first 'Now I Lay Me,' seemed satisfying. More recently, an attempt to enlarge the petition resulted in: 'Forgive us our bets, as we forget our dinners. And-d-d lead us to temptation!' Tom Hoover is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Clad Hamilton Thompson of Kansas City.

This was a year ago. The Mother's Day service was impressive. The choir sang softly. Heads were bowed. And all the time in a rear pew a battle waged. A little golden-haired, blue-eyed girl had unpinned from her dress a cluster of flowers and was gazing raptly at them. "Put them back on your dress," admonished the mother, "you'll lose them—you're wearing them for mother." "I want to hold them," protested the child, tightening her grasp on the gay bouquet. "You shall mind me," hissed the mother and under cover of a song book smacked the little pink hand. In the end the mother triumphed and a troubled youngster who had wanted her pretty blossoms where she could look at them, listened more or less reverently to the preacher's eulogy on the understanding of mothers.

———×———

"Let's do the Charleston," said small Bobby Fullinwider, son of Mr. and Mrs. Burgess Fullinwider, to his two-year-old brother, Charles. "All right," said Charles, gleefully, "and then we'll do the Bobby won't we?"

———×———

Roberta (Bobby) Sue McCluggage, five, and her three-year-old sister, Marydee wear specially-made shoes which have to be ordered several days in advance. When their father, R. T. McCluggage, arrived home the other day, Bobby Sue, Marydee and their baby sister, Denise, had all the shoes in the house out on the floor. "I'm Mr. Blank," announced Bobby Sue, naming her favorite shoe dealer. "How about a pair of shoes?" said Mr. McCluggage. "Sorry," said Bobby Sue, "I have no shoes to fit you today, but I'm sure they will be in tomorrow."

In the Otto Huttenhoff household where the small queen and kings are Mary Ann, three; Bobby six and Edward five, the conversation goes something like this: Mary Ann: "Daddy are you my darling?" Daddy: "No." Mary Ann: "Well anyway, I'm yours." Mrs. Huttenhoff: "Bob, have you studied your lessons?" Bob: "Yes, mother, you know they're easy, because I never have to stay in." Edward, eyes twinkling, "No?" Well, where were you at recess today? Say Bob, did you know Indians call their wives squawks?"

———×———

Master John Bunyan Adams, jr., spending a winter in Florida, wired home: "I can buy a November alligator for one dollar and no cents, and would like to have one. Now don't say no, daddy dear."

———×———

Lois Brooks sat beside Lauretta West in Christian Church Sunday School when the Knights Templar, wearing their fez, marched in, singing "Onward Christian Soldiers." "What kind of soldiers are those men?" asked little Lois, and added: "Oh I know—they're christian soldiers—and that's why they're singing that song."

———×———

Benny Dettinger, in the fourth grade at school, carrier for the former Daily Republican, declares that if he shall live to be an hundred years old, he will never use the word 'ain't." He says that he used to say 'ain't' like some of the sixth graders do now, but that at each offense his teacher would compel him to stand and say, "A little fat boy who said 'ain't,' fell into a bucket of paint. When he got out, he yelled, with a shout, 'It's isn't and aren't, not ain't'."

Mrs. Frank Byrd was away from home a day or two and Mr. Byrd sought the household dustpan. After futilely searching the house, he awaited the return of his 12-year-old daughter, Adaline, from school. When questioned concerning the whereabouts of the dustpan. Adaline was surprised. "I don't know what you mean, daddy," she said. "I have never heard of such a thing as a dustpan." Adaline is not the only 12-year-old who never heard of a dustpan. It's no longer listed among the housekeeping necessities.

———×———

Jeanne, four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lawrence, has been with her mother in Ohio. At home Jeanne never misses saying a nightly prayer, and her mother considered the habit a fixed one. But Jeanne does not like Ohio and steadfastly refuses to say her "Now I lay me—." "I'll pray again when we get back to Kansas," she promises.

———×———

Jean Sharp, daughter of the Ray Sharps, arrived at the age of nine years without having once been on a train, although she had traveled from coast to coast in a car. May 28, 1928, marked her first train trip and she was so thrilled she was up at 5 a. m. and to the station one hour early.

———×———

On April 13, 1926, Master Billy Estes, son of Mrs. and Mrs. Eddie Estes, abandoned hope of having his baby brother named Billy for himself—and has become reconciled to the name of Charles Robert. He compromised with the understanding that little Charles Robert is to be called Bobby.

Irene Josephine Haines, three, awakened extremely early one morning and said: "Daddy, daylight has come. It's time to get up." "That's moonlight," responded Mr. Haines sleepily. "No, daddy, it's daylight," insisted Irene Josephine. "What's the difference between moonlight and daylight " her parent asked. "The difference is that moonlight just comes in at the windows and daylight goes all over the room," was the quick answer. (Note: When this incident happened, Mr. and Mrs. Haines were subscribers to the Chicago Tribune and always read the Children's Sayings column. They sent in the above and received as first prize for the brightest saying of the week—a check for $3.

———×———

There's no more patriotic 6-year-old in town than Sonny Cousland. Sonny and his ten-year-old sister, Louise, were asleep at home six blocks from the park where the band was playing, when Louise was awakened by the music. "Sonny," she cried, "stand up, the band's playing 'Star Spangled Banner'." And Sonny struggled out of sweet repose to stand dutifully until the strains of the national anthem could no longer be heard.

———×———

Jack Nixon, 5, of Kansas City, who with his parents, is visiting the Judge H. W. Schumacher and W. R. Brown families, has been taught by his father to obey him promptly. At his prayers, last night, Jack petitioned: "And dear God, please help me mind mother and grandmother and the housekeeper." How about Daddy?" suggested his mother. "You know well enough mother," said Jack, "that I mind him anyhow."

Cara Betty is the lovely new daughter of Dr. and Mrs. L. L. Shoemaker, and although but a few days old, has already had cause to become annoyed. Her given name, which is also the given name of her grandmother, Mrs. A. J. McNeal, of Des Moines, Ia., was misspelled the first time it appeared in a newspaper. When Mrs. McNeal was asked the baby's name, she said: "It's the same as mine, Cara Betty, and if The Times will just start it off right perhaps it will continue to be known correctly instead of always appearing as Cora or Carrie." The s. e. wrote it Cara, with a line beneath the a, which to a linotype operator indicates that the spelling is unusual, but for heaven's sake to follow copy. But on the proof, the name was Cora, and the mistake was marked and underscored. However, when the paper appeared—there it was—Cora still! In years to come, Cara Betty will probably be called upon to use much perseverance and forbearance concerning the proper spelling and pronunciation of her name.

———— × ————

Miss Roxie McCormick of Riverside had an exceedingly busy year during 1927. In twelve months, she baked and sold to one grocery 876 cakes in addition to hundreds of special orders. Miss Roxie, who has lived in El Dorado all her life and has a host of friend, is an expert cake maker and often bakes as many as ten in one day.

———— × ————

Small Bobby Farrell told his mother that a certain golden-haired playmate was his "girl." How do you know she is?" asked Mrs. Farrell. "Because," said Bobby, "I've already told her that she is."

FROM THE OFFICE WINDOW—

Bobbie Allard, who posed for the artist, Van Millet, during his 1928 summer vacation spent with his mother, Mrs. Sadie E. Grattan in Kansas City. The study for which Bobbie posed is entitled "Fishing" is valued at $800 and hung in the Kansas City Studio exhibit in October. Bobbie's father, Harry Allard, of El Dorado, made a trip to Kansas City to view the picture.

Charles Arthur Price, who at two was one of The Times' youngest readers. He knew his alphabet and read all the capital letters in the paper. Mac Hall, at 27 months of age, accompanied the W. F. McGinnis family to Florence in their Marmon and every time they passed a Ford, Mac exclaimed, delightedly: "See the kiddie car!" * * * Patricia Ann Liggett, eleven months old and walking * * * Dorothy, Thelma and Bobby Page who were all prize babies in annual baby shows * * * Bill (Francis) Page and Gunda Selling, who at ten received Bibles at Sunday School for filling out their quarterlies, and reciting from memory names of all books in the Bible, divisions and number and names of books in each division, authors of new testament books, the Lord's prayer and first and 23rd psalms, the beattitudes, the Ten Commandments and names of apostles. Their teacher — Mrs. Lyles Stock.

Six-months-old Martha Lou Duncan, beautiful, gray-eyed round-faced infant, who had all the poise in the world and did not cry as twenty-eight guests at a party given by her grandmother, Mrs. S. E. Duncan, took turns in holding her.

Phyllis Miller, 13-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Loren Miller, who made seven quarts of strawberry jam without assistance, Tuesday. Phyllis is keeping house for her father, her 16-year-old brother, Roland, and her eight-year-old sister, Helen, while her mother and five small brothers and sisters are visiting in Ohio.

Pretty little Betsy Lee Williams in a charming frock that has a bit of family history. Betsy Lee's grandfather, D. M. Green, gave her five dollars for ice cream sodas. Believing twenty-five sodas too many for a five-year-old, Betsy Lee's mother had her spend part of the money for material for a dress. The mother made the dress and Betsy Lee's aunt, Mrs. C. A. Aikman, embroidered it.

Bonnie Lou Pickrell who sang "Jesus Loves Me," at entertainments when she was two * * * Martha Dewey, 8 who turns handsprings with the agility of a circus performer * * * Six-year-old Bobby Scott, son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Scott, who has not missed a circus that has been held in Kansas or Oklahoma since he was born.

Milo Speaker, a stalwart blonde, who cleans rugs professionally, juggles pianos with one hand and has a pet superstitution. Since he was a little boy he has picked up every pin he has seen, to ward off bad luck. He was gathering up a rug one day this fall and had picked more than a dozen pins from the floor, when the rug owner said, "Young man if you start picking up all the pins you see around here, you'll have a life-time job. I'm a dressmaker."

ON THE SOUTH FORK

OUT THRU the mist of an early Sunday morning, raced a big, sea-going automobile, cut-out open, easy-riding expert at the wheel, filled to the brim with an eager crowd hungry for the open spaces, fishin' poles, guns, bundles and buckets and pans of eats, long-handled skillets, coffee pots, paper plates, old spoons. The crisp, delicious tang of spring in the air—the sun rising majestically, gorgeous masses of redbuds and fruit tree blossoms, wide stretches of green wheat, alfalfa and oats, layers of the misty blue Flint Hills in the distance. Velvet violets by the roadside, ponderous steers and cavorting calves dotting the undulating pasture, immense, brightly-painted barns, tall silos, ducks on the pond, smoke wreathing above fine farm houses and desolate unpainted cottages, flocks of fat chickens—taut wire gates to open.

What a morning! Forty swift-passing miles left behind, and the car noses into a fairy nook, clean and sweet-smelling. Deep waters invite the fish-poles; a spring of crystal clear water that has flowed since 1861, Old Timers say, gushes swiftly from a fount at the foot of a tree. Silvery birches, gnarled old trees with heavy, leafy branches that shelter the campfire from the zipping breezes. The day is on!

Twelve o'clock and the fishermen are back in camp. Fish sizzle in skillets and the coffee steams and boils, sending out an appetizing odor. Heavens! Somebody left the salt and sandwiches at home. Deft, white fingers slice boiled potatoes and eggs, cucumbers and pimentos into a pan

and mix 'em with mayonnaise. How good it is in the open. One disappointment. The historic Henry Brandley home, so long painted red, white and blue, so long a noted landmark for sportsmen, has been spoiled with all-white paint.

The group poking the smoking embers sniffs the air. "Phew—sprinkling. Oh it won't rain—it can't!" Smoke stings the eyes and raindrops splash playfully. Then the deluge. Hurried packing of untasted viands, camp paraphernalia tossed recklessly into the gig. No time for fried fish and potato salad; no side curtains, no raincoats—water and mud everywhere.

Chains drag, engine needs water, the picnickers shiver as chill winds relentlessly brush their soaking clothes. Car plows and weaves through mud, hub-deep and sticky, veers toward ditches, hugs the bridge edges, flounders ponderously along endless, glistening road streams. How strong are steering wheels?

Then, curling cloudward from Theodore Holderman's country home—smoke from a wood and cob fire. It is too much. The picnickers file in, numb with cold. The all-enveloping warmth and cheer of a glowing fire, the genuine hospitality of an understanding couple who have warmed other fishermen, borrowed coats, the journey completed thru early darkness; a futile hope that fish and salad aren't too be-splattered. Home.

And the next day—that stiff-jointed sensation of being as old as the Walnut River. Such is an early spring picnic in Kansas. No bothersome dust, ants, flies, bugs, freckles, sunburn. Springtime in Kansas and picnics were surely made for each other.

POTPOURRI

A touching incident happened at the wedding of Henrietta Ellet Frazier and George Thomas Wofford, jr., Saturday night. As the trio began singing "I Love Thee," before the ceremony, a small white dog trotted eagerly up the bridal aisle to the altar, paused a moment, turned and sat beside the mother of the bride. The dog was Bonita, and has been Henrietta's pet since her father gave her to her when she was a little girl. Although Bonita had been penned in the basement preceding the wedding, she was permitted to see it thru. Bonita is a Pomeranian Spitz and was purchased fourteeen years ago when her parents were in an Orpheum circuit act at the Princess Theater in Wichita.

———×———

Here's a true story that husbands will appreciate and it concerns one of El Dorado's best-liked young matrons, too. Housewives are naturally optimistic about the promptness of the time the laundry will be returned and it was Monday morning that Mrs. Harvey Songer said to her husband: "The clothes will probably be delivered tonight, and I have no change in the house. Please leave $1.50." Tuesday morning Mrs. Songer said, "The laundryman didn't come yesterday and I spent that money"—Mr. Songer left another $1.50. Wednesday morning—ditto. Thursday morning, having spent $4.50 for the week's laundry, Mr. Songer sat musingly in his office in the court house, when the laundryman walked in and presented him with a bill of $1.50 for the week's laundry which had just been delivered. The bill was promptly and smilingly paid.

Comic strips and movie comedy have been recommended to those who wish to observe annual National Laugh Month. The gift of laughter—spontaneous, musical laughter—is a priceless possession that may easily be mislaid somewhere along the route from babyhood to maturity. Fortunate are those who have a genuine sense of humor. Among El Doradoans whose laughter is infectious are Ruth Ewing Bradford, Dr. Grover Hall, Chet. Shelden sr., "Fub" Haines, Representative Charles MacCaughan, Holt. Hitchcock, Joe King, Otis Boston; the Ramseys and Teters; Dr. Anna Perkins, Edith Anthony Golden, Eva Spain Griffis, Mary Alice Murdock Pattison, Mabel Andrews Tanner, Kate Bronson Thompson, Sadie (Phoebe) Taliaferro, Edna Frazier Adams, Mary Esther Tolle Noble, Effie Lusk, Marian Chastain, Ethel Bugbee Geddes, Marie Locke Keevert, Icy Forgy Villars, Dallas Convis, Harry Haberlein and Frances Kilgore.

———×———

Mrs. Frank H. Cron organized the Butler County Chapter of the Red Cross, June 3, 1918 at the old Ellet Opera house, the late Judge C. A. Leland presiding as chairman. Frank H. Cron was appointed as the first permanent chairman and his successors in order of holding office are Mrs. R. E. Frazier, Rev. A. W. Pannell, Miss Flora Leland, Mrs. E. J. Gordon and Mrs. Wilber E. Stone, present chairman. Mrs. R. C. Loomis, present secretary of the Red Cross has held that office ten years. Rev. Mr. Pannell and Mrs. Alvah Shelden organized the Welfare Association during the World War. Since the Red Cross and Welfare were combined this year, Miss Louise Sulzbach is in charge of the office.

MORAL COURAGE

This incident happened in an early day in El Dorado when the late Warren Hall Coutts, sr., was a new salesman in the late Charles L. Turner's hardware store. Mr. Coutts, who was the father of Ira Coutts and Judge Warren Hall Coutts, jr., came to El Dorado years ago as secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. One day Mr. Turner overheard his youthful salesman tell a customer that an article he was showing was of an inferior quality and a better quality could be secured from a competitor. After the customer left, Mr. Turner asked Mr. Coutts' reason for advising patrons to trade elsewhere and Mr. Coutts said he had told the truth and that he would never misrepresent an article, no matter where or for whom he worked. Mr. Turner, whose hobby was high-grade merchandise, was impressed and delighted. He assured Mr. Coutts that henceforth there would be no article in his store that Mr. Coutts could not conscientiously recommend. Mr. Turner frequently told the story and said his implicit faith in Mr. Coutts' integrity was deepened by the incident. Mr. Coutts was head salesman in the store nearly 20 years, remaining with the concern long after Mr. Turner sold the store to Stimpson & Ellsberry and retired, to live in Florida.

———×———

Judge V. P. Mooney says the first piano ever brought to Butler County was a combination piano and melodeon installed for a time in Chelsea Hotel in 1870 by the hotel proprietor, J. B. Shuck. The piano was the first Judge Mooney had ever seen.

FORTUNE HAS ALWAYS

Turned a smiling face upon Floyd Dillenbeck, younger son of Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Dillenbeck, notwithstanding that he was born on Friday, the thirteenth, and that on Friday the thirteenth, 1913, he was 13 years old. Friday, February 13, 1925, was also Floyd's birthday anniversary and the birthday cake his mother sent him arrived okeh. On every birthday anniversary he has ever had, his mother has baked a cake and put candles on it. Floyd will be graduated in the spring of 1929 from the medical school of University of Nebraska at Omaha, is a graduate of University of Kansas and has been healthy, happy, energetic and lucky all his life.

———×———

John A. Reed in The Wichita Eagle: Bill Feder city editor of The El Dorado Times, and Mrs. Feder have gone to Kansas City. They left their two small daughters with Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Feder, of Wichita. Yesterday, Dorothy Jean, aged 5, was putting on her bloomers.

"Grandmother," she said, "which way is north?"

Her grandmother showed her, asking "Why?"

"Because," said Dorothy Jean, "mother told me this side of the bloomers always went north."

———×———

HALF-MINUTE INTERVIEWS

Frances Edna Wright Jordan: I have never wished to have my hair bobbed—even though my father is strongly opposed to bobbing."

Louise Estes: "Beware of a woman who tells her honest age. She'll tell anything."

GONE—A SMILING FRIEND

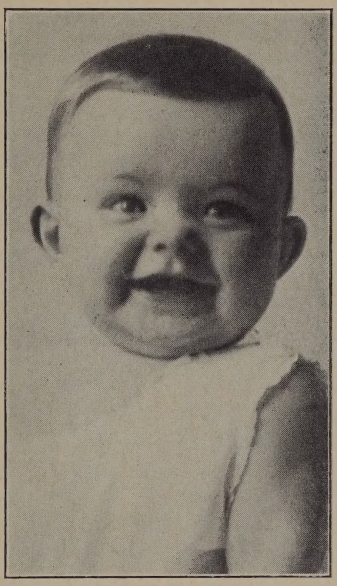
A week ago this July 15, 1927, a lithe 14-year-old twisted a newspaper and with skill of long experience, threw it to the threshold of a Locust Avenue home. He smiled at his customer, his face lighting with sheer, boyish joy of living and went on his way. No word was exchanged. The vividness of his personality precluded necessity of talk in making friends. Service was his motive. Older folk on his route who dislike going out into storms to pick up a damp paper, say they will always remember winter days when the boy waived his usual custom of tossing the paper upon the porch, and carefully slipped it inside the house. The boy was Perry Morris, fatally injured July 4, when a blank cartridge, from a toy pistol, caused slight abrasion on the end of a finger, the wound developing tetanus.

———×———

Harry A. Miller is an obliging husband and when Mrs. Miller expressed a wish for a flower bed, he went forth with spade and trowel, notwithstanding that he hates to dig in dirt. He re-entered the house, weary but triumphant, and said proudly: "Go look at your new flower bed —I pulled every weed and enclosed the space." Mrs. Miller looked. The well-meaning head-of-the-house had dug up all the red salvia their neighbors, Dr. and Mrs. G. F. Ambrose had planted and the new flower bed was on the Ambrose lot.

———×———

Sumpter Smith who left El Dorado for Oregon nineteen years ago, has never failed to write a letter every Sunday to his sister, Mrs. Cynthia Bechtel, of Wichita.



Portrait by Boston.

JIMMIE THOMPSON

James Crowell (Jimmie) Thompson, jr., whose smile expresses Perfect Happiness, is six months old—the son of Mr. and Mrs. James (Jay) Crowell Thompson (Cocha Ball) of El Dorado. Jimmie has two great grandfathers—John Thompson, of Lincoln, and A. J. Ball, of Mapleton; two grandfathers, H. C. Ball, of Mapleton, and J. A. Thompson, of Whitewater, and two grandmothers, Mrs. H. C. Ball and Mrs. J. A. Thompson.

IN OLDEN DAYS

Twenty-seven years ago Mr. and Mrs. Mel Holaday (Hattie Smith) were married in El Dorado and the occasion was one of social importance—so important that the day before the wedding many newspaper references were made concerning the affair, but no mention made of who was to be married. Here are some of the items appearing the day of the wedding:

"Clayton Loomis will be the best man at the wedding tonight, as T. A. Kramer's illness will prevent him from being present."

Another: "The people who are invited for the second hour of the reception tonight will spend the intervening time at Mrs. Will Pattison's."

Presumably, it was unnecessary to mention the name of the bride-elect and her fiance because there was but one wedding in town and everyone was supposed to know who were being married.

Along about that time, also, good form required the bride-elect to refrain from appearing on the street after announcement of her engagement. The first El Dorado girl who deliberately ignored this custom was severely criticized.

———×———

Martha Jean Brunton, who will be four in January, seemed much disgusted with her mother the other day over some slight difference of opinion, and exclaimed: "Oh shoot, I wish I were your mother so I could spank you!" Martha Jean lives in San Gabriel, Calif., and is the only grandchild of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Pattison of Winfield. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Brunton (Harriet Pattison.)

A REMINISCENCE

Since July 25, 1917, the day the first 5,000-barrel oil well was drilled in on the 160-acre Shumway lease, seven miles west of El Dorado at Midian, up to the first day of July 1928, the Shumway has produced 8,705,852 barrels of oil. Ten years ago this month (July 1928) the lease was producing 49,000 barrels daily and oil was selling at $3.50 per barrel. Now the lease produces 200 barrels daily, and oil of that gravity, 33, is selling at $1.21 per barrel. The Gypsy Oil Company has always operated the lease, on which there were at one time 55 producing wells. There are now 34 oil wells and five gas wells on the area, according to R. L. Frye, district field clerk. A J. Shumway, owner of the land, died before oil was discovered and royalty on the wells has gone to his two daughters. Nora Shumway Hammond of Wichita and Atlanta Shumway Winchester of Indiana.

———— × ————

Each member of the Joseph Sharp family has 36 relatives to remember at Christmas time. If each member bought all the others gifts, 2,296 gifts would be exchanged. However, the 11 married couples have a unique method of exchanging gifts that eliminates much of the shopping. Each couple presents a gift to the parents but a common fund is made from which one real gift is bought for each married couple. The parents have the most shopping to do, however, as they always make much of the Christmas time, as most large families do, and begin long before Christmas to select gifts for their children and grandchildren.

SOME EARLY DAY HISTORY

The last inch of the first railroad track into El Dorado was laid on Sunday, July 31, 1877, at 6:27 p. m. on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe system. On September 4, 1877, an excursion train was run from Topeka and citizens of El Dorado were given a free trip to Florence and return. This was the occasion of a great jubilee and George T. Anthony, governor of Kansas, made an address. The next railroad to enter Butler County was the Frisco, built in 1879. In 1882 the first construction train on the Missouri Pacific railway tracks entered El Dorado. William A. Thompson, veteran Missouri Pacific engineer, a resident of El Dorado, was engineer on the first Missouri Pacific passenger that entered El Dorado several months later.

———×———

A superintendent of schools says: "The old way with a child was repression. 'Don't' was a favorite word in most households and schools. Now the adult who thinks, knows every child has a certain amount of energy to expend and realizes the chief responsibility is in directing that energy into the right channels. No longer are we horrified at a fist fight on the school ground, but begin to plan worth while outlets for that fighting spirit." * * * An illustration of the fact that "don'ts" are fading out—a point for the superintendent: Yesterday at one p. m., Clifford Powell said he would like to entertain a dozen guests that afternoon. "All right," said his modern mother, "it happened I baked a cake this morning. Order the ice cream." At 2:30 all the guests had arrived.

UNFAILING MEMORY

Hector Sinclair, 60 years a Mason and for 41 years owner and manager of the only marble works in El Dorado, has a remarkably retentive memory. He excels in lodge ritualistic work and is said by lodge associates to be the only El Doradoan who gives from memory the rituals including funeral service, of all the degrees in five different orders—Knights of Pythias, Odd Fellows, Masonic Blue Lodge, Chapter and Commandery. It is said too that if he were to repeat at one time all the rituals he has memorized, he would speak half a day or longer—that he never falters in delivery, never mixes a line nor forgets a word. "Mr. Sinclair is regularly called upon in lodge work," Leon Cousland said "and never fails to respond and serve."

For years Mr. Sinclair's marvelous memory and ability to exemplify work has been a source of interest to lodge members. He is the only living charter member of the Delhi Masonic Chapter in New York. When a youth he attended a state meeting at which were present among other notables, the governor of New York, Senator Roscoe Conkling and the presiding officer of the legislature. To Mr. Sinclair's surprise, he was summoned, without notice, to confer the third degree. He complied and the grand lecturer afterwards explained he wanted the city men to know what boys from smaller towns could do.

Mr. Sinclair and Judge V. P. Mooney are the only El Doradoans who have been presented solid gold certificates. Mr. Sinclair's reads: "This is to certify that Hector Sinclair is a Past Commander and

Life Member of El Dorado Commandery No. 19—Knights Templar, El Dorado, Kansas."

Mr. Sinclair landed in El Dorado New Year's Day, 1887. He became a member of the Odd Fellows Lodge in 1868 and has been presented a jewel by that organization.

POST OFFICE HISTORY

For twenty-three years, Boyd Marston, assistant postmaster, has been with the El Dorado post office and in that time has not had a day off on account of sickness. An employee is allowed ten days each year as "sick leave." This is accumulative to the extent of thirty days a year. Mr. Marston has served with six postmasters—W. H. Ellet, Mrs. Mary Alice Murdock Pattison, Tom Mannion, W. R. Childs, Albert B. Ewing and Wilbur B. Morris. Other postmasters El Dorado has had, in the order of their service include Henry Martin, H. D. Kellogg, Mrs. M. J. Long, sr., N. F. Frazier, sr., Alvah Shelden, T. P. Fulton, J. C. Rodgers, B. F. Meeks, A. J. Palmer. Walt Hull has been in the local post office more than a year longer than Mr. Marston. El Dorado post office as originally located, stood a mile and a half south of the present town. The mails however, were handled at the residence of Henry Martin, on the present townsite and the postmaster, Daniel Stine, lived at Augusta. A post office had been opened across the Walnut River opposite the present townsite about five years before old El Dorado was surveyed and D. L. McCabe had been postmaster. Since 1879 the postmaster has been appointed by the president of the United States.

WALKED FROM OLD KAINTUCK

Fifty years ago, William Sandifer, 123 North Denver Street, arrived in El Dorado after having walked from Kentucky. Mr. Sandifer was fifteen years old. He accompanied his parents, the late G. M. Sandifers, who came in a mover's wagon that was too full of family and furniture to permit room for the eldest son. When the family drove into El Dorado, the sun was setting in a red glow that suffused the western sky and Mr. Sandifer often recalls the beauty of that sunset. Nineteen years before the Sandifers arrived, John S. Friend, who was to become William Sandifer's father-in-law, had arrived. Mr. Friend has lived in Butler County seventy years. His home is one half a mile east of El Dorado.

———×———

At the 1920 Baby Clinic, Glenn Glee Joy smiled all the time; Billie LeRoy Grant Brown had the longest name and John Johnson, jr., the most euphonious name.

———×———

George Lyon has marbles that even his sons and grandsons have never been able to entice from him. They were given to him 65 years ago by his great grandfather. Mr. Lyon came to Butler County more than 50 years ago on March 13. Among his treasures is a 150-year-old shoe hammer that was once owned by his great great grandfather. Mr. Lyon was for 21 years a member of a school board in Plum Grove Township. He and Mrs. Lyon have lived in El Dorado twenty-six years.

FORTY YEARS AGO

Bruce R. Leydig, whose marvelous memory has been a seven-day-wonder to Kansas folk these many years, recalled this morning that 40 years ago today—on Friday, December 4, 1885—El Dorado experienced a terrific windstorm and that a disastrous fire spread over Cowley County. To verify his recollections of the storm and fire, Mr. Leydig delved into the dusty files in The Times' office basement and found this item from the Walnut Valley Times of December 11, 1885: "Last Friday (December 4) was a decidedly windy day; the fact is the breeze was almost a gale and a pretty cold one too. The tin roofing was torn from a portion of The Exchange Bank, A. M. Burdette's new barn was blown off the foundation and demolished, a portion of the roof was ripped off the Woolen Mill. Small buildings were overturned by the dozen and even Mendenhall's Palace milk wagon was overturned. Reports say the Douglass school building was partially unroofed. A terrible prairie fire swept over northeast Cowley County, burning out three or four ranches and some 600 head of cattle. The wind since has been in the north and on Sunday night a light snow fell, the ground freezing an inch or more in depth. This was our first touch of winter."

The next issue of The Times stated there had been a 7½-inch snow!

PAGE MRS. ALVAH SHELDEN!

An El Dorado grandmother, who dresses smartly and belongs to more civic and social clubs than any other woman in town, survived the jolt of her life this week. She had attended two morning committee meetings, a luncheon at which important issues had been decided, an afternoon card party where she made the highest score, a dinner at the Country Club and was deciding on a bridge foursome for the evening when her daughter handed her a letter. It was from a cousin she had not seen in 20 years and said: "You are probably too old and feeble to reply to this and I won't ask it of you. But perhaps one of your grandchildren will send me a few lines, if this letter finds you alive."

———— × ————

When Edna Ferber, who is said to make more money than any other author in America, was in El Dorado visiting Mary Alice Murdock Pattison and Ellina Culbreth Murdock Petersen an El Dorado woman said to her: "Well, do you think if you work hard and save carefully you can someday buy a featherbloom petticoat?" "I hope so," said Miss Ferber soberly.

———— × ————

When Will R. Feder learned by telephone that his parents-in-law, the John Mausolfs, had arrived for a short visit, the noon hour was eminent and he scurried to the market and bought 60 cents worth of steak. But he tossed the meat to the neighbor's dog when he found the Mausolfs had brought in their car, 13 dozen fresh eggs, three fat chickens, a chocolate cake, half bushel of tomatoes and two pecks of potatoes.

A group about the fireplace was discussing sizes of families twenty years ago and now. An El Dorado Old Timer said: "Twenty years ago a family of twelve was not unusual. Today a family of five children is considered extremely large. I recall that in the early days little log cabins bulged out at the windows with children of all ages—sometimes thirteen and fifteen in one family. Remember well a bride and bridegroom who came to northwestern Butler County from the east in the late 50's. They were robbed of their money at Emporia, and there, too, one of their horses died. Undaunted, the bridegroom slipped into the harness and helped the remaining horse haul the covered wagon to the Whitewater river. The couple lived in a natural cave a while and returned there later when their log house burned in a prairie fire. They had children—all ages—I never stopped to count them—but the family had a standing joke that if a child should disappear the father would never miss it—there were so many. One day Mary went away on a visit. The day she had been a month away from home her father glanced around the table in a puzzled manner and asked, "Where's Mary, I haven't see her today?" That reminded another Old Timer of this: "Chelsea Township parents brought their flock of thirteen to El Dorado one day and at a clothing sale equipped every one with new suits and shoes. This required after-regular-hours service and the family got a late start home. Roads were muddy and it was one o'clock when the children were finally tucked into their beds. At four a. m. the parents answered a knock at the door to find their frightened four-year-old. He had been left under the wagon seat asleep, overlooked.

MEMOIRS

William Allen White's "Memoirs of a Three-Fingered Pianist," the first chapters of which appeared in September, 1927, Woman's Home Companion mention Charlie Harvey, George Younkman, sr., Doll Cowley, Theodore Dunlevy and Lila Heaton by name and refer to others who live or have lived in El Dorado. The story tells of the El Dorado Silver Cornet Band and when Mr. Younkman's attention was called to the reminiscences, his memories of the days of 1877 were stirred. Mr. Younkman and Tom Lemon, head guide at the Odd Fellow's Home in Manhattan, are the only living charter members of the band. Hodd Harvey, the late brother of Charlie Harvey, suggested organizing this, the first band in El Dorado, after the first performance of the Davis troop, held in the old courthouse. Every member of the Davis family played in the band and rendered the first band music heard here. Later the family located and lived here for years on Rock Creek. Mr. Younkman recalls amusing incidents in connection with those early days. One night the band was playing a sprightly tune at a dance when the air became suddenly befogged with pepper and everybody had to leave the party. Mr. Younkman recalls an incident that the "memoirs" do not include —an entertainment at which "Billy" (William Allen) White spoke a piece that named Washington and Lincoln as great men and ended, dramatically, "But here's a greater!" As he thundered this line "Billy" who had held his right hand behind him, brought forth a nutmeg grater and waved it high in the air. In writing of El Dorado Mr. White often alludes to Lila Heaton,

whose mother had a millinery store where Hotel El Dorado stands. A year ago, Mrs. M. G. Wells, sister of Mr. Younkman, found a picture of Lila Heaton among early day treasures, and sent it to Mr. White, who thanked her for the courtesy at the Rob't. H. Hazlett picnic.

Doll Cowley still plays the fiddle at pioneer meetings. Mr. Younkman's son, George,jr., is a flutist with the Arkansas City Burford Theater Orchestra

———×———

The fire siren does not alarm Locust Avenue residents for they are doubly protected. Before six-year-old Richard Keifer underwent an appendix operation, his father explained what was before him and told him he would buy anything he asked for if he wouldn't cry. Richard said he wanted a fire truck, and immediately after the shining new miniature truck equipped with two ladders was presented, he went smilin' through the ordeal of operation.

———×———

Among interesting objects in the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Wells are two that Mrs. Wells highly prizes and both are 100 years old. One is the framed certificate of Mrs. Wells mother's baptismal. The other is a huge key, made 100 years ago to use in a special lock on the door of Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Brown, near Canton, O. Mr. and Mrs. Brown were Mrs. Wells' grandparents. She and Mr. Wells were given the key while they were in the East the summer of 1928 and it is pasted on a piece of wood beside an engraved plate which tells the story of the key.

Judge A. L. L. Hamilton, who came to El Dorado and hung up his shingle over a frame law office, in 1872, a few years ago got into front page news by declining to lease his land to an oil company on the ground that it would spoil the fishing in his creek. Which act, many editors said indicated he was a gentleman of the old school. Judge Hamilton is more fortunate with fish than oil. As a boy he lived in the oil belt of Pennsylvania and his father at different times owned 200 leases on which he made not a cent. Judge Hamilton has owned 5,000 acres of Butler county land and not one acre he has ever owned has produced oil—during his ownership or afterwards. The judge owns a farm in Murdock township and had an offer to lease it. "It is not for lease," said the judge. "There's a good creek running thru it and I don't want the fishing spoiled."

———— × ————

Walter Day, who makes his home with his nephew, William O. James and Mrs. James—and it is a home in the real sense of the word—has a book, "History of the Bible" that was printed in 1820—108 years ago, and is one and one-half by one inch in size. This relic Mr. Day has carried since 1861. Until that time it was owned and carried by his brother, Eben Day, who died of typhoid fever while serving in the Civil War. Mr. Day constantly carries the little book which is well preserved, readable and illustrated with pictures of Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, The Ark, Jonah and the Whale, and Elijah Fed by the Ravens.

HARBINGER OF SPRING

Remarkable it is, that one thick bunch of violets, carefully selected and artistically arranged with fringe of moist green leaves, can create so much beauty and fragrance as does one such bouquet in The Times office. These violets—large as silver quarters, gloriously purple and flecked with yellow centers, redolent of greening grasses, budding flower beds and shady groves, were grown, gathered and presented by a charming young woman—Miss Bird Morley, of West Branch.

———×———

The two daughters and two sons of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Wiedemann have received unique gifts from their father of which they are extremely proud. Utilizing spare hours for many months, Mr. Wiedemann made four inlaid tables, each with base of walnut, square, with curved legs. Thirteen kinds of wood are in each table and the tops contain 800 different pieces of wood. The designs are artistic and the tables complete are so beautiful and substantial that they will be family heirlooms for years to come. Recipients are Mrs. I. V. Horner, Karl and Otto Wiedemann and Mrs. Dillon Hamilton.

——— × ———

Peggy Lou, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Watkins, owns a pair of baby soft sole white kid shoes that she will be unable to wear until her feet grow a bit. The shoes were bought at Hitchcock's Store twenty-one years ago and were worn in turn by Peggy Lou's three sisters, Mrs. Frank Scott, Mrs. Olin Stansbury and Mrs. Clyde Hood.

When Frank Frazier Adams received a letter Thanksgiving Day from his father, J. B. Adams sr., then in Excelsior Springs, he found enclosed this verse, written by Mr. Adams expressly for his sons, who treasure many clever sketches from their father's pen:

THE OLD CORNFIELD

I well remember on the farm
The early six o'clock alarm;
It seemed the night had scarce begun
'Til flashed the early rising sun!
To boyish dreams it meant an end
And brought the cornfield in the bend;
Where toiling hours were spent in pain
Among the endless rows of grain.
The corn rows never seemed to end
In that old cornfield in the bend.
And now, sometimes, when strife is great,
And countless troubles fill my pate;
When problems grow and multiply
And fill my soul with ache and sigh,
My heart yearns back to find their end
In that old cornfield in the bend.

———×———

Four men who formed a quartet in Butler County forty years ago, have sung together intermittently since and all are now connected with widely known musical organizations. They are Kenneth Morton Holcomb, who sings with the Richland quartet in South Butler; O. J. Hull, high tenor in Los Angeles quartet; M. L. Hull, second tenor and president of the Metropolitan School of Music in Wichita; and Charles Holcomb, bass soloist with the Monty Yost quartet, at Houston Texas. The last time the quartet was together was to sing at the funeral of the late Senator Steve Brandon at Douglass.

IN THE BEGINNING

This historic list of First Things was compiled by Mrs. Alvah Shelden for use in a club program.

El Dorado, "The Land of Gold," was named by Captain J. Cracklin, of Lawrence, and Thomas Gordy. Frank Gordy owned the original townsite which was platted in 1868 and incorporated in 1870. Town lots sold for $10.

One of the first buildings was the store owned by Henry Martin, that stood on the present Haberlein corner.

First hotel was built in 1869.

First schoolhouse, 1869.

First church, 1873.

First railroad track into town, 1877.

First newspaper printed March 4, 1870, Thomas Benton Murdock and J. S. Danford, editors and owners.

Among the first settlers were Jerry Conner, Judge J. C. Lambdin, Martin Vaught, N. F. Frazier, sr., John Henry Betts, Harry H. Gardner and Ed C. Ellet.

First births—Henry Jefferson, of Chelsea; Mrs. Addie Cowley Bradley, of El Dorado, and Nellie Martin, of Wichita, now widow of Ward Stryker.

First election was held at Chelsea in 1857. The ballot box was a coffee mill.

First minister came in 1857.

First Teachers' Institute was held in El Dorado in 1871 and the second in Augusta in 1872.

Mrs. M. J. Long, (later Mrs. E. H. Clark), had the first book store in El Dorado.

The first school here was taught by Dr. Edgar Cowles, in a schoolhouse that stood on the site of the Vincent Brown home.

First drug store, owned and operated by Dr. Allen White, father of William Allen White, stood where the post office stands.

First lawyers were W. P. (Tiger Bill) Campbell, of Wichita, and Henry T. Sumner.

First physicians—Dr. J. A. McKenzie and Dr. Edgar Cowles.

———×———

Mrs. Edith M. Tolle, here from Bakersfield, Calif., spending the winter with her 88-year-old mother, Mrs. Ellen Allen, is considered by her sons, Ray and Elbert, to be an ideal mother. Certainly she has reared two fine young men. When the brothers were little Mrs. Tolle was so enthusiastic about their inventive genius, that when one day they hoisted her high on a home-made ferris wheel, and owing to some unaccountable hitch in the machinery, she swayed perilously in the frosty air two hours, she came down wreathed in smiles, her faith in her sons' ability as builders not one bit diminished.

———×———

James Dodwell, Civil War veteran and only surviving charter member of El Dorado W. H. L. Wallace Post, has read an El Dorado newspaper every day one has been issued for sixty years. Mr. Dodwell attended the organization meeting of the Post in 1882 and helped to name it. He owned a harness shop in El Dorado fifty years. Mr. Dodwell has always ardently supported Charles Curtis and the personal letter he received from the vice-president-elect after the 1928 election is one of many he has received from that distinguished citizen.

First drug store, owned and operated by Dr. Allen White, father of William Allen White, stood where the post office stands.

First lawyers were W. P. (Tiger Bill) Campbell, of Wichita, and Henry T. Sumner.

First physicians—Dr. J. A. McKenzie and Dr. Edgar Cowles.

———×———

Mrs. Edith M. Tolle, here from Bakersfield, Calif., spending the winter with her 88-year-old mother, Mrs. Ellen Allen, is considered by her sons, Ray and Elbert, to be an ideal mother. Certainly she has reared two fine young men. When the brothers were little Mrs. Tolle was so enthusiastic about their inventive genius, that when one day they hoisted her high on a home-made ferris wheel, and owing to some unaccountable hitch in the machinery, she swayed perilously in the frosty air two hours, she came down wreathed in smiles, her faith in her sons' ability as builders not one bit diminished.

———×———

James Dodwell, Civil War veteran and only surviving charter member of El Dorado W. H. L. Wallace Post, has read an El Dorado newspaper every day one has been issued for sixty years. Mr. Dodwell attended the organization meeting of the Post in 1882 and helped to name it. He owned a harness shop in El Dorado fifty years. Mr. Dodwell has always ardently supported Charles Curtis and the personal letter he received from the vice-president-elect after the 1928 election is one of many he has received from that distinguished citizen.